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CURRENT COMMENT.

It seems rather odd to think of vigilance-committees in New York City; but that is what we have to face now, in view of the prevailing wave of peculiarly desperate and violent crime. Other cities report similar conditions. Thieves and murderers are uncommonly busy in Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Philadelphia and elsewhere. This state of things is to be expected in view of the labour-surplus. A good many men are out of work, out of money, more or less hungry and at loose ends. They have had authoritative instruction from the United States Government upon the essential cheapness and worthlessness of human life, and upon the sanction of violence in establishing title to property. They now, presumably, are adapting their education to the highly practical purpose of getting on in the world, quite as they have seen Governments do. They are taking over to themselves, in other words, the "political means" of satisfying their needs and desires, and exercising it in an amateur way; and they appear to be doing exceedingly well with it everywhere, and reflecting great credit upon their instructors.

As long as Governments insist that it is not only right, but important and necessary, to kill their enemies, so long will private persons assume upon occasion the right to kill theirs. As long as President Wilson and his associates admit the public right of robbing Germans, Russians, Irish, Syrians, and what not, so long will the private right of *vis major* be assumed on occasion as establishing title to such portable property as may be handy. That is one of the drawbacks of such little experiences as the country has been passing through during the past four years. The logic of the case, moreover, does not seem wholly against the law-breaker. If, for the advantage of the State and its beneficiaries, it is right to kill and rob human beings who were born in Germany, why is it not right, for one's own advantage, to kill and rob human beings who were born in Connecticut or Kentucky? The stock answers to this question savour of casuistry, even to one who has a roof over his head and wherewithal for his next meal. To those who are not so well provided, we imagine the savour of casuistry to be much stronger.

SENATOR WARREN, chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, is blue about the prospects of the Treasury. True, he was speaking to Senator France's bill for the public protection of maternity and infancy, and a really

seasoned statesman always finds it hard to see any money ahead which could rightfully be squandered on such purposes. Even with woman-suffrage a going concern, he can not quite relax the pursed lips of parsimony. But yet the Senator's attitude is not all due to habit. The Treasury is hard up, and its prospective income reflects the general state of industry and commerce at the end of 1920, which, as most of us are aware, is nothing to brag about. The Treasury, too, is about at an end of its gay kiting of paper; as the Senator says, "The Government is now in a position that we all would think unsound for a business man who was borrowing from day to day on the street, selling his paper where he might." Well, rather—look at the position of its securities! In fact, the thing that most interested us in all the Senator's observations, was this (*italics ours*): "During the war, of course, it was easy to obtain funds, because every patriotic, loyal citizen was anxious to support the Government. They subscribed for funds readily at a low rate of interest; many of them, *in fact, I might almost say, a majority of them, being compelled to borrow money to buy the bonds.* They have since had to call upon the banks to relieve them, to take the bonds from time to time, at a reduction of *from five to seventeen per cent.* They have had to dispose of many of them to pay their Government taxes. You will find the last payment of taxes was largely made by those *who had no other funds available and had to sell their bonds.*"

THOSE statements are interesting, coming from a Senator. More interesting, however, is the fact that those who foresaw and foretold this state of things during the great loan-drives were lucky to get away with their lives. It now appears that the poor souls who offered Liberty bonds to pay for the last instalment of their income tax, could get acceptance only at market-value. The newspapers reported this, at any rate, and we suppose they know. Evidently the Government is not out to take any chances on these bonds; well, one can not blame the Government, for one would not do it oneself. Still, it has a scurvy look, and does nothing to distinguish the present as an era of good feeling between the bondholders and their Uncle Samuel. Think of it: millions, probably, of those bondholders never before in their lives held a security of any kind, and now when they contemplate the value of those they do hold, and recall the extravagant promises and assurances held out to them at the time of purchase not so long ago, they must ruefully wonder why the unfortunate Mr. Ponzi, of Boston, has been sent to prison.

"REFUNDING" has made its appearance in Washington, perhaps as an idea imported by M. Parmentier when he came here to see about the French loan last September. We mused over it at that time, failed to understand it, and gave it up. It impressed us as an improvised euphemism for the disagreeable word repudiation; and we still think our guess is good. The word, however, took root in Mr. Mondell's mind, and now he is all for "refunding" our domestic war-debt and letting posterity pay the whole bill. Perhaps Mr. Mondell can see posterity as willing to do this and can also see where posterity is going to get the money to do it with, if matters keep on moving as they are headed at present; but we ourselves can see neither. Our eyesight is not as good as it used to be.

ACCORDING to Mr. Edmonds, who is fathering a bill to extend the time-limit on the last instalment of the income-tax from 15 December to 5 February, more than eight per cent of the taxpayers have been unable to pay up. If the bill becomes law, the penalties for non-payment are remitted but the Government continues to collect pawnbroker's interest—one per cent per month—on the amount. The Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Houston, is an admirable realist in this matter of the income-tax. His proposition to increase the tax on small incomes because it is not collectable from large ones, is naive and straightforward and wholly commendable. We are particularly delighted with it because it shows that what has happened to the income-tax is just the thing that everyone who knew beans about the theory and practice of taxation was well aware would happen to it.

THE income-tax is a typical liberal or "progressive" measure; that is, it makes a semblance of hitting the right nail on the head, and never does it. Years and years ago, *ehou fugaces!* when Justice Shiras changed overnight the decision of the Supreme Court on the constitutionality of the Federal income-tax, who does not remember the cry of pain that went up all over the land from the liberals and progressives and forward-lookers, of whom we had in that day all, all, too many? The outpouring of well-intentioned buncombe and bogus economics and sentimental guff and flapdoodle in favour of the income-tax, was something that as one looks back upon it, seems almost beyond belief. The current theory of taxation was that it should be levied "according to the ability to pay." No other theory could be entertained for a moment. The rich man had the ability to pay; the income-tax would hit his income in inflexibly just proportion to its incidence on the poor man's income. It was a great democratic and patriotic measure—and so forth and so on. Well, after great endeavour, we finally got the Federal income-tax; and now just look at it!

IF the eight per cent of income-tax payers should resolutely refuse to pay the tax and get as many others as possible to join in the refusal, it would be a pretty good example of what this paper means by direct action. We have been misunderstood about direct action, as also about the term "economic organization." When we speak of the economic organization, it turns out to our astonishment that some readers think we mean labour-unions. This is not the case; so let us make the matter quite clear. There are three factors in the production of wealth, namely, land, labour and capital. Land, in the economic sense, is a general term including all natural resources, and it is the passive factor in production; the other two are the active factors. Labour, working upon land, produces wealth; capital is that portion of wealth thus produced, which is used to facilitate the production of more wealth. The economic organization of society, therefore, consists of the two active factors, *labour and capital together*, organized for production.

LIKEWISE when we have spoken of direct action, some have seemed to think we meant strikes. There is some justification for this, as there was for the Goshoot Indians whom Mark Twain says he noticed as showing emotion at a mention of the Great Spirit, thinking whisky was referred to. We have advocated general strikes, and advocated them under the name of direct action. But as far as we are aware we never have advocated and as long as we keep our wits about us never shall advocate, a strike upon any issue of trade-unionism; that is, a strike upon hours, wages or conditions of labour. One can not be perpetually studying one's back numbers; but as nearly as we recall, we praised the British and Belgian dockers for their strike on handling munitions for Poland; German railway-labour for the same thing; hoped for a general strike in England against making or carrying munitions to be used against Ireland; and finally, advocated a general strike in England for the confiscation of the economic rent of the land that the British Empire

stands on. We think we have done all these things; if not, we should have done them all. It will be remarked, however, that while our appeal was primarily to labour, not a single one of these issues is an issue of trade unionism. All but the last are matters of national foreign policy; the last is a matter of national domestic policy. When, therefore, we have spoken of "direct action" and contrasted it with "political action," expressing our confidence in the former over the latter, it should have been clear to any one that we were using the term in what we always supposed to be its only proper sense; namely, to describe action under the principle which is almost as old as our civilization itself, the principle called "grievance before supply."

"GRIEVANCE before supply" may be expounded thus: It is a bedrock axiom of our civilization that a people has the right to say when, how, and for what, it shall be taxed. Suppose a people has a grievance against its Government; suppose its representatives have tricked and swindled it, as for example, our Government has tricked us, and swindled us out of money running into the billions. Suppose, further, that the Government becomes inaccessible, like ours, and will not hear the grievance. Then that people has the inalienable and absolute right to say to its Government: Not one cent for any purpose, until our grievance is heard and attended to. Suppose, again, that a Government is behaving on a point of foreign policy as ours did, for instance, when Mr. Baker surreptitiously backed Poland in her raid on Russia. We have every right in the world to say to the Administration: Not a dollar, not a ship or a gun, not an ounce of powder, not a railway-car, for any governmental purpose whatever, until we get this point of foreign policy straightened up to our satisfaction.

THIS is direct action, and it is in the best traditions of our race. English history shows plenty of it, especially in the time of the Stuarts. Our own history shows a few examples, and the principle had good advocacy in the early days from one P. Henry and some energetic associates. In view of the general conduct of the war, the disclosures about the Shipping Board and similar matters, we should say that the principle might be revived among us with distinct advantage. However, we have now explained what direct action means and what the economic organization is; and we humbly hope that when we use the terms hereafter they will not be taken to mean trade unions and trade-unionist strikes. This paper tries to say what it means, neither more nor less. Sometimes, probably, we are a little inaccurate, but we hope never that inaccurate.

THIS paper is inclined to be cynical about political governments in general, still more cynical about the Government at Washington, and most cynical of all about the Russian policy of that Government. Yet in spite of this fact, we are occasionally betrayed into imputing to those politicians and *émigrés* who have America's Russian policy in charge, a small quantity of what is commonly called horse-sense. Last week we made such an error. We thought that the knowledge of Wrangel's overseas excursion, Pilsudski's peace, Lloyd George's negotiations, and Leygues's softening demeanour must necessarily have penetrated to the official consciousness. Accordingly, we predicted that the gentlemen who were to render a decision in the deportation proceedings against the Soviet Ambassador to the United States would be somewhat influenced by the fact that, since these proceedings were begun, Russia has poked one booted leg under the European council table. We were wrong; and we apologize most humbly, with our heads in the dust.

Now that the Administration has decided to ship Mr. Martens back to Russia, our brother editors up and down the country consider themselves obliged to figure out

what results are officially hoped for from this action. We bear no part of this editorial burden, for in our present state of disillusionment, we feel that the Government is altogether capable of sending the Soviet Ambassador home without having previously formulated any conception, logical or otherwise, as to what results may follow. However, it is barely possible that this new action against Russia was taken, not stupidly, but with the malicious intent of driving the Soviet Government to some measure which will make it extremely difficult for the incoming Administration to adopt a conciliatory policy toward Russia.

If the expiring Democrats are really trying to stir up irremediable trouble with Russia, they should have no difficulty in doing so, for the tone of M. Chicherin's correspondence becomes increasingly peremptory as the days go by. Last week, for instance, there went out from Moscow to London, Paris and Rome a sharp protest against the "brutal interference" of the Allies in the affairs of Greece; and a day or two later the London *Chronicle* reported that Russia has submitted to the British Government a fresh set of trade-proposals which provided for the cancellation of most of the concessions made to England in the earlier course of the negotiations. Are we to presume, then, that those in authority at Washington are trying to prod the bear into a fresh manifestation of this testy temper? Or are our statesmen simply shaking the cap-and-bells again, for the pleasure of hearing the tinkle?

THE whole matter of the official blockading of the United States is being generously illuminated just now by a new organization known as the American Labour Alliance for Trade-Relations with Russia. The operations of the Alliance constitute the first large-scale demonstration of American labour against malice and muddle at Washington, and the arguments used are calculated to interest the industrialists of the country, as well as the workers. Both the men who own idle factories, and the men who once worked in them, have more than an academic interest in the fact that Russia needs manufactured products in large quantities, and has raw materials with which to pay for them. Most unfortunately, the condition of unemployment which forces the worker to see the need of new markets for American goods also reduces his power to make his wishes effective in any peaceful fashion; in so far as the blockade of America causes unemployment, it tends to promote among the workers the use of means which are far from peaceful, and may actually bring into being at home the bolshevism which it is designed to destroy abroad. Somewhere, and not so long ago, we heard it said that the starving workers of Hungary responded readily to Red propaganda. Are we to suppose that idle and under-fed Americans will prove themselves to be of altogether different stuff?

THE Assembly of the League of Nations, after a session of forty days or thereabouts, broke up last week in a sticky spate of oratory, after having accomplished about as much as the judicious expected of it. The question whether the Council or the Assembly has actual control of the League, is for all practical purposes settled; or rather, it never was really a question. One might as well argue whether a Republican convention is run by itself or run by the Old Guard. At the closing session, Lord Robert Cecil applied a roasting heat to the Council for its policy of secrecy in the matter of mandate-drafts, but the Council is composed of good old salamanders who can stand any temperature that burning words can kindle. Mr. Arthur Balfour, one of its most highly fire-proofed members, calmly served notice, after Lord Robert finished, that he should not consider himself bound by anything that the Assembly might do; that in the British view the Council alone is responsible for the German colonies; and that if the Assembly thought the mandatory nations should have all the trouble and expense of keeping up the

mandates without getting any profit out of them, the system would not be likely to succeed. Considering the estimate put upon the League by many, and their naive notion of what it was going to be, there is a certain humour about this. In thinking about the League of Nations, one is somehow reminded of Peer Gynt's words, "Fantasies, dreams and stillborn wisdom make the pyramid's base. Above it the work shall rise, with a stairway built of lies."

A KIND friend of ours, who maintains hob-nobbing relations with affairs in Wall Street, has just brought us news of a novel occurrence in the financial world. Last week somebody got the notion that on the Federal pay-day, the Government would find itself short of funds; the notion became a rumour, and the rumour got its legs around the neck of a staggering market and bent it down a little farther toward the earth. The story is a good one; although it may not be true, it is certainly plausible, and all the more so now, when we have the new report of the National Civil Service Commission to show us what might happen if the Government should actually be compelled to pass a pay-day. According to this report, one person out of every 159 in the entire country was on the civil service salary-list last July, and out of all the people engaged in gainful occupations, one in every sixty-eight was in the employ of the Government. If we add to these figures those which represent the enlisted and commissioned strength of the army and navy, the total is indeed astonishing. The Civil Service Commission is of the opinion that a reduction of the civil lists to pre-war limits can hardly be effected, while in military and naval circles all the talk is of expansion, without stint or limit. Thus blindly, with no such definite policy as State socialism or Prussian paternalism for a guide, and with no official or popular consideration of the ultimate outcome, the American State continues to absorb the control of the lives of the people and to create in the nation that high unity which officials may so easily turn to a low purpose.

THOSE who are not reading Mr. George Shaw's articles on "The New Terrorism" that the Hearst papers have printed in three successive Sunday issues, are missing a dose of strong common sense that they can not afford to miss. Mr. Shaw, who has always written with real earnestness, at last writes with apparent earnestness as well—earnestness and sincerity, with never the suspicion of a jest. In the issue for Sunday, 19 December, he says: "Extermination is a word which should be in every one's mouth at the present time, because it is the right word for all those securitist policies of coercion, retaliation, subjugation, re-establishment of order, imperialism, patriotism, and so forth, which have made post-war statesmanship such an orgy of blackguardism." Those are just the right words in the right place. "An orgy of blackguardism" nicely covers everything that since the armistice has taken place, first and foremost at Versailles, and then at every seat of Allied government, and except for the rejection of the treaty, at Washington as well. We are sick of it; we were sick of it in anticipation before it began; and the Presidential election showed plainly enough that plenty more in the country are sick of it. The thing now, as Mr. Shaw suggests, is for them to make themselves conscious of one another and of their strength, and to take the word "extermination" purposefully into their mouths.

The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted, but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.

It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE SPIRIT OF 1620.

It is strange that the name of Robert Browne of Tolethorpe, in Rutlandshire, is not mentioned more frequently in connexion with the tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrims, or "Brownists" as they were called. From 1581, when Browne began to defy the government of the English Church, to the date of the sailing of the Mayflower from Plymouth, revolutionary changes in religion, politics and literature were taking place in England. During that period the Presbyterian and Puritan movements had their origin; Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," Spenser's "Faerie Queene," Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," Bacon's "Essays" and "Advancement of Learning" were published; Marlowe produced "Tamberlane" and William Shakespeare was play-acting and play-writing in London. It was then that the movement started for parliamentary reform; and the long struggle between Parliament and the Crown that ended in the overthrow of the Stuarts germinated in those revolutionary years.

When the Mayflower set sail out of Plymouth Sound, Robert Browne was a hale and hearty old man of seventy years. It is recorded of him that when he was "over eighty years old he had a dispute with the parish constable about a rate. Blows were struck, and before a magistrate he behaved so stubbornly that he was sent to Northampton jail where he died in October, 1633." Browne was a thoroughgoing Nonconformist, a Separatist in the true sense of the term, and a man of great culture and learning.

No greater mistake could be made than to believe the first Puritans were men devoid of culture. John Milton is the true type of Puritan, not Praise-God Barebones. The hard, narrow, sombre, sanctimonious Puritan had scarcely any connexion with the founders of the sect. As John Richard Green points out, it was a middle-class movement that brought some of the best blood of England to these shores three hundred years ago—land-owners and farmers from the Fen country, young London lawyers, Oxford scholars, and clergymen like Roger Williams, Hooker and Cotton. They came seeking a free land. One of our first patriots, the younger Winthrop, declared, "I shall call that my country where I may most glorify God and enjoy the presence of my dearest friends." The coming of these Separatists was wholly different from that of the Virginia settlers. There was not to be found among those who gathered on the shores of Massachusetts any of the "broken men, adventurers, bankrupts, and criminals" who made life exceedingly difficult for John Smith and the famous forty-eight gentlemen who were pioneers in Virginia. The Separatists were earnest, thoughtful men searching for a place where they could worship God without ecclesiastical and political interference. The new world was indeed the only place for Nonconformists in the seventeenth century. Protestant and Catholic alike came here seeking religious liberty. Lord Baltimore, one of the most upright ministers of the Crown, under the Stuarts, was forced by his conversion to Catholicism to seek refuge on these shores. So much in earnest were the refugees in their desire to worship according to conscience that one of the earliest laws of Maryland guarantees

religious liberty in these terms: "No person within this province professing to believe in Jesus Christ, shall be in any ways troubled, molested, or discountenanced for his or her religion or in the free exercise thereof."

It is strange indeed that in the midst of all these tercentenary celebrations so little should be heard of those stirring economic, political and religious events from which arose the most glorious revolution in English history, a revolution that came within an ace of restoring to the people the ancient law and custom of their land. What were the conditions that made life impossible for the Separatists in England? The story can be told in a very few words, and perhaps there never was a time in the history of the world, certainly not in the history of America, when that story was so much worth the telling.

When Robert Browne was forced to fly to the Netherlands he left behind a body of Nonconformists who "rejected ceremonies as relics of idolatry, the rule of bishops as unscriptural," and asserted their Christian right "to walk in all the ways which God had made known or should be made known to them." In those days no new religious movement could come into being without clashing with the economic and political powers of Church and State. Indeed it is useless to try to understand the rise of Puritanism unless the story is read in close connexion with the growth of absolute monarchy, the divine right of kings, and the suppression of the ancient law of the English people to choose and elect their monarchs. All these factors must be taken into consideration if the true significance of the coming of the Separatists to America is to be appreciated.

The Reformation in England was not by any means a religious movement. It was, on the contrary, economic in its character and had for its political and ecclesiastical object the division of the wealth of the monasteries. The consequence of the suppression of the monasteries and the division of the lands amongst the new aristocracy was a factor of great importance in the long struggle of the Tudors and the Stuarts with the English people. Under the Tudors every canon of English economic and political faith had been destroyed. It was not, however, until the coming of James I to the throne that a suppressed and outraged people asserted themselves and demanded parliamentary control with a view to reaffirming and re-establishing the laws and customs of their forefathers. But James was not the man to submit to opposition and those who challenged his divine right soon found their way to the block, and many brave heads fell in the struggle. Convocation solemnly declared that "the King is above the law by his absolute power" and that "notwithstanding his oath he may alter and suspend any particular law that seemeth hurtful to the public estate," and the University of Oxford decreed that "it was in no case lawful for subjects to make use of force against their princes, or to appear offensively or defensively in the field against them." King James himself, not to be outdone by the University or Convocation, laid it down, "as it is atheism and blasphemy to dispute what God can do, so it is a presumption and high contempt in a subject to dispute what a king can do or to say that a king can not do this or that." Nevertheless, James found it no easy matter to overcome the scruples of that great remnant

of the English people which challenged his authority. At Hampton Court he presided over a meeting of bishops and Puritans. It was a conference called to consider grievances, but James broke it up with the threat, "I will make them conform or I will harry them out of the land." He kept his word and the remonstrants were "ousted" and after a few years found their way to Massachusetts, the land of nonconformity and liberty.

But the great movement for parliamentary reform had begun. "Of the squires and merchants who thronged the benches at Westminster three-fourths were in sympathy Puritan." Once again was heard in Parliament the old English demand of "grievance before supply." An address was presented which said:

Your Majesty would be misinformed if any man should deliver that the kings of England have any absolute power in themselves either to alter religion or to make any laws concerning the same otherwise than as in temporal causes by the consent of Parliament.

James's reply to this was the "ousting" of three hundred of the Puritan clergy from their livings and the wholesale imprisonment of Nonconformists. War-scares were created for the purpose of diverting the public mind from the royal despotism. James found the Exchequer Chamber a willing tool for finding supplies, and he asserted "the King's right to levy what custom duties he would at his pleasure." Still the royal debt grew larger every year and at last the king was forced to go to the Commons and demand a grant to pay it off. The Commons, however, met the demand by a petition of grievances:

Finding that your Majesty without advice or counsel of Parliament hath lately in time of peace set both greater impositions and more in number than any of your noble ancestors did ever in time of war, we pray that all impositions set without the assent of Parliament may be quite abolished and taken away.

This remonstrance was supported by a petition which struck at the root of the King's power. It demanded "a law be made to declare that all impositions set upon your people, their goods or merchandise, save only by common consent in Parliament, are and shall be void." The issue was joined. There flocked to Parliament, men who were determined to restore the lost liberties to the people. James found the Court candidates in a helpless minority. Parliament refused to grant supplies until it had considered public grievances, but a quarrel arose between the Lords and the Commons on a point of privilege, and James used this as a pretext for dissolution.

One year after the Separatists landed in America, Parliament ordered to be written in the journals of the House of Commons the famous protestation which ran:

that the liberties, franchises, privileges and jurisdictions of Parliament are the ancient and undoubted birthright and inheritance of the subjects of England; and that the arduous and urgent affairs concerning the King, State, and defence of the realm, and of the Church of England, and the making and maintenance of laws and redress of grievances, which daily happen within this realm, are proper subjects and matter of counsel and debate in Parliament. And that in the handling and proceeding of those businesses, every member of the House hath, and of right ought to have, freedom of speech to propound, treat, reason and bring to conclusion the same.

The first battle of that period had been won, for Parliament had asserted and maintained its exclusive right to the control of taxation. It had struck a blow at monopolies. Foreign policy had been

wrested from the hands of the Court. Parliament had, moreover, dealt with abuses in the courts of law and had reformed them, and it revived the right of impeaching and removing from office the highest Ministers of the Crown. A greater battle was, however, yet to be fought when James passed away and Charles came to the throne. This was the condition of affairs out of which arose that great movement for human liberty which we call Puritanism.

THE AGE OF UNREASON.

FROM the sweetly simple philosophy of the Age of Reason, the modern world has inherited two conceptions which seem to be in a measure contradictory. The first of these has to do with the capabilities of the individual; the second, with the constitution of society. The optimists of the Revolutionary Era believed that because man is a rational being, men in the mass are thoroughly capable of governing themselves. This enthronement of the popular will amounted in fact to an enthronement of a particular faculty of the mind; the voice of the people was the voice of God—and Reason was that god.

Now if all power belongs to the people, any one who has an idea of his own as to the manner in which this power should be exercised must plead his cause in the court of public opinion; and if the numberless men and women who sit in this court are rational beings, the pleader may best win interest, assent, and appropriate action by setting out his argument simply and logically, and trusting reason to do the rest. The fact is that of all the known methods for arousing popular interest and moulding public opinion, logical argumentation is perhaps the least efficacious. The periodical that pleads its cause in general and intellectual terms is likely to talk right on to the end of time with no audience worth mentioning, while journalists of the type of Mr. Hearst and Mr. Bottomley number their followers in millions. Thus a contradiction tends to develop between the once inseparable ideas of human rationality and popular sovereignty; the "serious" publicist places before a comparatively small number of people the sort of thing he thinks they ought to want, as rational beings, while the sensational newspapers and the all-story magazines give the millions what, as sovereigns, they seem to demand.

Perhaps it is not surprising that this divorce of sovereignty from its old sanction of reason has had the effect of bringing out a kind of intellectual snobbery in some of the quarters where to-day's appeals to reason are written and read. In all likelihood there is no subway-riding reader of the "serious weeklies" who has not at some time thrilled pleasurably with the consciousness of a difference between those people [like himself] who have what are called general and intellectual interests, and the lesser folk who are wholly preoccupied with what is individual and emotional. This amounts to saying that although man is not, generally speaking, a rational animal, "our class" is a rational class; and of all the self-congratulatory systems that have been invented for dividing the race against itself, there is perhaps no other that equals this one for smugness.

Even so, this distinction might be acceptable if it could be proved by any manner of means that the

intellectuals as a class exhibit any more rationality in the conduct of their personal affairs than their humble fellows who thrill with delight each time a new "Peril of Pauline" is thrown on the screen at the cinema-palace; but it seems to us that the aerial training of the mind seldom increases the extent of its direct control of practical affairs. For the intellectuals, as for people in general, life appears to be one grand succession of alternatives among which the actors seldom really choose. When measured against the ideal of the rational man—rational in action, as well as in thought—the humble folk who do no reasoning to speak of, will generally show up about as well as the intellectuals who do a great deal, in respect of matters that do not immediately concern them.

If analysis of his own conduct does not disabuse the intellectual of his fancied rationality, some consideration of his thought may serve the purpose. Let him ask himself, for instance, what moves him most, Tolstoy's "War and Peace," or the keenest of logical arguments against war; "Oliver Twist," or the British Parliamentary reports on conditions in the slums of London; "Jane Clegg," or a sociological discussion of marriage *en masse*; "Hamlet," or a psycho-analyst's interpretation of this supreme tragedy.

If the victim of our inquisition makes one-half the admissions we have asked for, he must thereby confess to his kinship with the readers of the cheapest newspaper in the land; for the greatest novel and the most saccharine sob-story have this in common, that they both disregard generalizations and formulæ, and deal at first hand with those personal relations and experiences which are the solid substance of life. Love, hate, ambition, laziness, cowardice, criminality, are things that everybody understands. The relations of man and of the State, or those of Government with Government, are colourless abstractions when compared with the relations of a mother and her child or a man and his mistress; even with those of a footpad and his victim. The story-writers know the sort of thing that moves men; the moving-picture people know; the makers of Sunday-magazines and the producers of musical comedies know; pretty nearly everybody knows, and acts upon the knowledge, except the intellectuals, who have a way of dry-pressing and bundling-up the individual experiences of life and hoisting them high into a region of ghostly generalization. The thought-processes which go forward in this rarified atmosphere are not only for the most part without direct effect in the realm of popular action, but as a general thing there is no contact between the rational thought of the intellectual and his own action. In mass phenomena, the frequent divorce of thought and action has come to be taken as a matter of course, but when this same duality is observed to exist in those persons who cling most tenaciously to the idea that their class is a rational class, the whole conception seems to be reduced to an absurdity.

II

Against the conclusion that logical argument is a pitifully inadequate means of governing action, even on the part of the arguer himself, we must set the fact that time and again great general ideas seem to have exercised a vast influence over the course of human events. It appears that without regard to their rationality, these ideas have struck deep into the human consciousness in such a fashion as

to drive men to action; and certainly many such ideas have continued to exercise a tremendous influence long after they have been proved—as far as anything can be proved—to be logically unsound.

If logic is powerless to give such dynamic force to an idea, and powerless also to destroy the effect of the idea, once it is loose in the world, there must be some other method of penetrating the human consciousness, which is not based upon the conception that man is a rational being. Such a method does actually exist, and for the lack of a better name it may be called the method of dramatization. Consciously or unconsciously, this method has been followed by religious teachers, from the first days of nature-worship on down to the beatification of Jeanne d'Arc. If by comparison with the rich humanity of Roman Catholicism, Protestantism is arid and cold, it is largely because the Protestants have insisted that the process of dramatization came to an end just as the Christian Era began, while Catholicism has sent marching down the ages a procession of new saints suited to the needs of all sorts and conditions of men.

Nor is this technique for the propagation of ideas by any means the exclusive property of the religious cults, though they have perhaps made the most effective use of it. We are convinced that Marxian Socialism, for example, owes in no small share its vitality to the great imaginative concept of the class-struggle. Many an economist before Marx's day surpassed him in the logic of argumentation; many an economist since has shown large fallacies in the reasoning of the Socialist patriarch; the Russian revolutionists themselves have completely overturned the chronology of the Marxian Apocalypse; and yet Socialism and Catholicism go marching on, each fearing the other more than either fears all the logicians put together, because each has in it the power that the logicians do not have, the power to move men's hearts and stir their wills to action.

Now it appears to us that there should be in all this a lesson for the intelligentsia. If we have said that in the presence of the rational man of the Age of Enlightenment, not one of our intellectuals is more than a wilful child, if we have said that we do not expect any individual among them to direct his own passionate life in accordance with his more or less rational thought, this does not necessarily mean that we set no value whatever upon such thought, and have no hope of its possible effect for good. The human mind is a feeble instrument, but as it exists in certain rare individuals, it seems more adequate to the speculations of philosophy than it ever is in any case to the practical conduct of an individual life. Occasionally a person thus gifted may happen upon a thought which might save others, though "himself he can not save." Under such conditions it is absurd to expect him to practise what he preaches, for he is no more a rational man than the people about him; all we can hope for is that he *will preach*, in spite of everything, and will find some effective means of driving his words into the consciousness of men.

In the careers of some of the scholars whose abstract thought seems to us to have had a wide-reaching effect, we find proof enough that the power to think soundly, and the power to dramatize thought, are seldom united in a single individual; but even so, such thinking need not be always without effect, for the logician may have a friend, a

creative artist, who will unconsciously give to abstract thought the personal and human quality which it lacks.

Without stressing too much this division of duties, we can perhaps name a few partnerships of philosophical and creative personalities which have produced results of considerable importance, whether they happen to be to our liking or not. The friendship of Erasmus and Thomas More is a particularly striking example of the sort of thing we are talking about. In a letter to the poet, Erasmus once said: "Amongst these [friends] you, my More, come first in my mind, whose memory, though absent yourself, gives me such delight in my absence, as when present with you I have ever found in your company; than which, let me perish if in all my life I ever met with anything more delectable." Nor can we doubt that the good scholar over-paid in sound thought the debt he owed to this delectability.

Another association of the sort was that between Cobden, the quiet, methodical logician, and John Bright, the great personal leader of the "Manchester school" of political economy. When these two men were to speak from the same platform, as they often did in the course of their crusade against the Corn Laws, Cobden would say, "Let me talk first, John"; and then when he had laid out his case, point by point, Bright would rise up to drive the arguments into the hearts of the people.

The partnership of Engels and Marx bears some slight resemblance to that of Cobden and Bright, while the case of the British Christian Socialists, Maurice and Kingsley, more nearly parallels that of Erasmus and More. Finally the intellectuals of the moment have an up-to-date example in the long association of Sidney Webb and George Bernard Shaw, dual monarchs, who have come near Fabianizing the world.

By way of coming to an end, we may say now that we started out upon this quest in the hope of finding some business for reason to do, and some means by which it might be done, in a world that has been shaken out of its dream of individual human rationality by the psychologists of the day. It seemed to us that there was a certain validity in the processes of abstract thought, and it seemed also that the power of ideas to stir human interest and provoke action depended, not upon any such validity, but upon an entirely different quality, which, for lack of a fitter name, we have called the dramatic quality. In certain extreme cases, all the truth seemed to be on one side, and all the action on the other. But in the technique of religious teaching there was a hint of another possibility; if the logician happened to hit upon the truth [and perhaps he can never know with final certainty that he has done so], the artist might perhaps dramatize the idea in such a way as to bring it down into that realm of individual experience, where it must have its effect, if it were ever to have any effect at all. Indeed it seemed to us extremely unlikely that the logician's ideas would ever govern action, his own or anybody else's, unless some such transmutation actually took place.

Of course we are aware that this indirect and uncertain procedure is a poor substitute for the old outlandish belief that in order to make an idea effective one had only to prove it logically sound. We are also humbly conscious that we have used a more or less logical argument to prove the futility

of logical argumentation; hence, according to our own theory, we ourselves, together with any intellectuals who have heard us to the end, will not accommodate our actions to our argument, but will continue the futile attempt to "go to the people" with abstractions, while Mr. Hearst will continue to "get to them" with his news of life in the raw.

Yet the world knows that in Fifth Avenue there is a cathedral raised up to St. Patrick, while in the Kremlin a statue of Marx is enthroned—all of which is in itself a proof that an idea can get a hearing, and a following too, if only it be properly dressed up in drama.

AS BETWEEN FRIENDS.

UNDER the heading "Principles and Profits," the New York *Evening Post* for 15 December devotes an editorial article to the position which this paper has taken towards the opening of trade with Soviet Russia. Our readers may remember that in a recent issue we commented on what seemed to us the rather overwrought caution displayed by the New York *Times* in saying that "business men, in their desire for immediate profits, may be losing sight of the dangerous consequences of entering into relations with the Soviets." Upon this we remarked that "it must seem to any European who may happen to see the New York *Times*, that its editor is living in a world of his own." Possibly the remark had too much vivacity; but it was at all events not ill-tempered, and certainly seems justified by the facts. Now, however, the *Evening Post* takes occasion to say

How the *Times* has changed when the *Freeman* must censure it for its unpractical idealism! It was only the other day that 'trade' in the mind of a radical, had a sinister meaning. The spirit of trade was opposed to the spirit of social progress. Trade values were opposed to human values. Trade was synonymous with imperialism.

We do not pretend to know all the radicals there are or what they have in mind, so we can not say off-hand that the *Evening Post* is in the throes of a nightmare; but we are consumed with curiosity to know where it gets those notions of what is going on "in the mind of a radical." If to the knowledge of the *Evening Post*, trade ever had a sinister meaning in the mind of any radical, we will do something handsome to get the name and address of that radical, so that we may go and look at him and feel of him and convince ourselves that he is real. If any radical ever held that the spirit of trade is opposed to the spirit of social progress, or that trade-values are opposed to human values, and the *Evening Post* will tell us who he is and in what asylum the poor man may now be found, we will pay him a visit of sympathy and make him a present of a life-long subscription to the *Evening Post*.

To be sure, the *Evening Post* does not say what its notion of a radical is. It may have much the same fluid, indefinite and adaptable notion that Mr. Palmer, for example, appears to have. But even so, suppose that the *Evening Post* includes Marxians, Fabians, communists, guild-socialists and anarchists under the head of radicals, simply tumbling them all in together under a job-lot classification, we doubt whether the *Evening Post* could hear a single voice marring the chorus of recusancy against one and all of its preposterous propositions. We can not speak with authority for these schools of thought, so we express our doubt with becoming diffidence, justifying it only by the fact that we

never heard and can not imagine, anything of the kind from any of them. With regard to radicalism in the etymological or dictionary sense of the term, however, we can speak with less reserve. The radical, in general, is one who gets at the root of things; one who starts his line of reasoning with the most simple, elementary and fundamental conceptions possible. In social philosophy, therefore, we should say that the radical is one who starts with the propositions that man is a land-animal; that man can get his subsistence only from land; and that man has a natural right of access to the source of his subsistence. It is hard to make a beginning in lower terms, more radical terms, than these. The radical then takes note that man has been done out of, and foreclosed from, the exercise of this natural right through the agency of the social institution called the State; and hence, in all his attempts at social criticism, the radical is primarily concerned with the restoration of this natural right. Other measures short of this—what are usually called liberal measures—may or may not interest him; if they do, his interest is provisional and secondary, and usually bestowed in proportion to the educative value of such measures. What absolutely interests him, however, is the restoration of this primary natural right.

Thus, according to the etymology of the term, such persons are to be called radicals as distinguished from liberals, socialists or communists, because they start with the simplest fundamental conception of man and of his place in the world, and develop their philosophy logically from that conception; which the others do not do. We go into this tedious little matter of definition because we wish to put the best case possible for the remarkable statements of the *Evening Post*. It is properly perhaps a question whether, say, Messrs. Webb, Cole, Shaw, Hillquit, Turati, Lenin, Longuet—to take a random and indiscriminate assortment—should be called radicals. We ourselves would not dream of so calling them, because etymology seems to be a little against it. But even if these men, whose title to the name of radical is by no means clear, were asked whether they think that trade is synonymous with imperialism and whether the spirit of trade is opposed to the spirit of social progress, we believe that they would laugh most indecorously at the suggestion. Aside from such, however, there can be no doubt about the standing, for example, of Thomas Paine, Richard Cobden, Thomas Jefferson, Henry George and Herbert Spencer. If etymology is to be considered at all, they were radicals to the backbone. Now, can the *Evening Post* find anything in these men or their spiritual progeny to show that they held such astonishing notions of trade as it professes to have discerned "in the mind of the radical"? Can it find such a thing in Richard Cobden, who said that the very peace of the world depends on "as much intercourse as possible betwixt peoples and as little as possible betwixt Governments"? Or in Henry George, who went up and down the earth declaring that the only trouble about trade was that there was not enough of it, and that it ought to be set free of every artificial restriction in order that there might be more?

We said some time ago that our objection to papers like the *Evening Post* is not as much against their principles or opinions as against their illiteracy. In his eagerness to disparage something of which he seems to know rather less than nothing,

the writer of this editorial has furnished a capital example of what we mean; and one, moreover, to which we can advert quite freely, inasmuch as he brought us forward by name and took his text from our columns. He writes like a reporter for the *Eatonswill Gazette*. One remembers how Mr. Pott's critic got up his elaborate review of Chinese metaphysics out of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," by reading for China under the letter C, and for metaphysics under the letter M, and "combining his information." By some such method the *Evening Post's* writer seems to have gotten his notion of the radical's view of trade. One would offer ten to one that he had his training in journalism under Mr. Pott, just as one would take oath, almost, that the leader-writer of the *New York Tribune* is an old pupil of Mr. Slurk. There is only one word to be applied to such writing as this: it is illiterate.

The *Evening Post* and the *Freeman* have one thing in common; both are edited by rank amateurs. Both papers are bearing up rather well under this disability, if it be a disability, so there can be no delicacy in our mentioning it in the hope of a little fellow-feeling which might serve to carry an appeal. Once before, we suggested to the *Evening Post* that it lend a hand to raising the standard of newspaper-polemics to a fair level of intelligence and decency. We now repeat the suggestion, and as a fellow-amateur, ask whether the editor of the *Evening Post* will not give it his kindly consideration. For his encouragement, we invite his attention to his contemporary the *Globe*, a very successful newspaper, which seems to have made up its mind that the methods of Mr. Pott and Mr. Slurk, while perhaps very good in their day, are now a little out at elbows and should be discarded. Everyone is asking what can be done about American journalism; well, here at least is one little thing that can be done, and some papers are trying to do it: namely, to be decently careful in the use of terms and definitions, and to be decently dignified and self-respecting even towards those whom one does not like and with whom one disagrees. It would be an excellent thing for American journalism if the power and prestige of the *Evening Post* were put heartily behind some such endeavour.

THE MARRIAGE OF AH FONG.

I COULD hear Harley's voice snapping over the wire in a staccato fashion. The telephone, at best, is a coy, uncertain instrument, but in China it is the last word in abominations. Talking by jerks was not Harley's usual mode of speech, but the Shanghai 'phone takes weird liberties with the human voice, sometimes lowering it to a whisper, sometimes enlarging it to an astounding screech, and nearly always cutting out half the words.

"Wedding," jerked Harley, "sister of one of my students; name of Ah Fong . . . row afternoon. . . . Do you want to go!"

The last three words did not show any sudden stress of emotion. The telephone was only displaying its vagaries by increasing the tone to a roar.

"Of course," I answered.

"All right; meet you at five. . . . Bubbling Well carli. . . ." came a trickling, attenuated whisper, as gentle as a May zephyr.

The next day as Harley and I walked through the purlieu of Jessfield to our destination, he told me that the Chinese maiden, Ah Fong, had been engaged to a certain Mr. Zung these many years; and now, as a beautiful consummation of her long betrothal, she was to be accorded the inestimable privilege of marrying—Mr. Zung's ghost! The delay had been too long, for Mr. Zung had become totally defunct. His death had occurred in Hong-Kong and even his bones might not be moved, owing to the ruling of a hard-hearted British health officer. All of which was rather a pity, my friend con-

cluded, speaking not of Mr. Zung but of Ah Fong—for she had never even seen her now-phantom bridegroom in the life. Such is the unpleasant Chinese custom of marrying "sight-unseen."

Whatever Ah Fong might have thought of the proceedings, it was an exceedingly satisfactory marriage for the relatives of the high contracting parties. The parents of Ah Fong were feeble and aged. The honourable father and mother of the late Mr. Zung were wealthy and influential, but not above desiring to gain possession of Ah Fong's dowry of *taels*, twenty thousand—which is more than that many dollars in gold.

As we reached the house, the marriage procession was streaming in. There were great litters of presents, draped in conventional red, each litter borne, palanquin-like, by two or four coolies, according to its weight. There was the inevitable brass band, also, cheerfully breaking all laws of harmony. The ceremony was entirely in Chinese, which language was Greek to Harley and me, so all that remained for us to do was to watch and attempt to interpret the pantomime.

Ah Fong, some four feet ten in height, dressed in bridal raiment, seemed like a child, garbed for a "grown-up" party. Her coat was a blazing splendour of orange satin. Over its surface crawled golden dragons, basking in the redolence of the poppy flowers, cunningly woven beneath. Her trousers, the colour of plums at midsummer, were heavily banded with braided silver. Her hair was combed tightly back. It glistened with unguents and was held in place by great bodkins of gold. In Chinese eyes she was a picture of rarest beauty.

We manoeuvred our way through the placid throng, to a spot where we could gain a view of Ah Fong's face. She was bowing repeatedly before a decorated ebony slab, and as she did so an attendant stepped forward and inclined the wooden tablet toward her. She touched her forehead humbly to the floor; the tablet was obligingly dipped to the same position. (Genuflections by Ah Fong; ditto by the slab! That bit of wood, with its painted hieroglyphics, represented Mr. Zung. The marriage, as performed, was legal and binding.)

That night, there would be feasting, merriment and rejoicing. Many sharks' fins would be consumed, bird's nest soup from Canton would be supped and hot Chinese wines would be imbibed freely. The next day, Ah Fong would doff her bridal robes and don the garments of extreme mourning. She would be expected to mourn and mourn audibly the death of her husband, for the future held for her—dutiful widowhood. She would never remarry; that would be anathema. She would never attain the only solace and attendant power vouchsafed to a woman of China, motherhood of a man child. For the remainder of her life, she would be nothing more than the slave of the cruelest of taskmistresses, Mr. Zung's mother.

They say that Orientals are schooled to show no emotion, and that their faces are, at all times, perfect masks. But I do not agree, for I saw the flower-face of Ah Fong, as she left the marriage chamber. True, the expression was set and lifeless, but the eyes were burning and they stared at me pitifully, beseechingly, the epitome of hopeless, tragic pathos.

About a week later, Harley called me again on that instrument of torture that passes for a telephone in Shanghai. As usual, his voice came haltingly, with great jumps between words:

"Ah Fong . . . marriage . . . damnable . . . yes . . . fell from bell tower . . . temple. . . . What? . . . Accident? . . . No, . . . pure suicide. . . ."

JAMES W. BENNETT.

THE LOST ART OF CENSORSHIP.

JUDGING by all the fuss over current suppressions of free speech one would think that censorship was a new manifestation in the United States. But there is nothing new about it. We were quite as happy ten years ago turning the fire hose on strikers and sending them to jail as we are now drubbing and deporting communists. Though the prevalence of the fashion and the quality of the work, may vary with the times, it is strictly in accordance with our custom to deal rigorously with unsanctified notions; it simply happens that we have, at the moment, an unusually provocative invasion of ideas. One aspect of the matter, however, should indeed give us pause; and that is the particular way in which we go about the immemorial task of suppression. Artistically modern censorship is decadent. It is crude, colourless, machine-made,

with none of the delicacy and splendour which characterized censorship in the days when it was a fine art.

Take the sixteenth century in England, for example, when the brilliant suppression of the English Bible and like obscene works brought English censorship to its finest flower. Every one knows something of these historic instances; but no one studies them: certainly our modern censors have not profited by them. Of course not all the work of that period was noteworthy; much of it was thin and lustreless like our own—a mere seizure and clapping into jail of the weak and inconspicuous. Then, as now, most of the offenders were poor men of no standing in the community, who were guilty of propagating un-English ideas. Thus, the Bishops were able to assure Parliament that "in the crime of heresy, thanked be God, there hath no notable person fallen in our time. Truth it is that certain apostate friars and monks, lewd priests, bankrupt merchants, vagabonds and lewd, idle fellows of corrupt nature have embraced abominable and erroneous opinions lately sprung up in Germany. . . ." Such as James Brewster, of Colchester, carpenter, "who had been five times with William Sweeting in the fields keeping beasts . . . having a certain little book of scripture in English of an old writing, almost worn for age." And there was Agnes Ashford. "The cause laid to this Agnes was for teaching this James Morden the words following: 'We be the salt of the earth; but if it be putrified and vanished away, it is nothing worth. A city set upon a hill may not be hid. Teen ye not a candle and put it under a bushel, but set it on a candlestick that it may give light to all the house. . . . Blessed be mild men for they shall weld the earth.'" Cases like these abound—people of no importance whom we might be jailing to-day for reading the Constitution on the streets.

But the great burning of the Bible in St. Paul's, with sheen of damask and satin, its pomp and beauty witnessed by crowding thousands, is to this day one of the luminous moments in the history of suppression. Tyndale's English Bible and other heretical pamphlets had been rapidly gaining a large circulation, chiefly among the poor and ignorant, but also among students, whose segregation from the sturdy business world of their time rendered them unbalanced in their minds. There was but one way to check the flagrant corruption of public morals: to stay the stream of Bibles that was pouring into the country from Tyndale's press in Antwerp. The better men among the clergy pondered the matter, and presently hit upon the plan of buying up all the Bibles that Tyndale was producing. They laid an assessment upon each Bishop to defray the expense, bought Bibles as fast as ever Tyndale could ship them over, and got them a fine pyramid for burning.

The event was staged for 27 May, 1527. The central figure was a Dr. Barnes, a Cambridge man, who, it was said, had lost his wits through much study, and had taken to preaching unacceptable doctrines. Along with him were five simple men, merchants who had been importing this abominable book.

Then [says Foxe] they commanded the warden of the Fleet . . . to provide him five faggots for Dr. Barnes and the four Stillyard men. The fifth Stillyard man was commanded to have a taper of five pounds weight . . . for him to offer to the Rood of Northen in Paul's. . . . In the morning they were all ready . . . in Paul's Church, the church being so full that no man could get in. The Cardinal had a

scaffold made on the top of the stairs for himself, with six and thirty abbots, mitred priors and bishops, and he in his whole pomp, mitred, (which Barnes had spoken against) sat there enthronised, his chaplains and spiritual doctors in gowns of damask and satin, and he himself in purple; . . . And there was a new pulpit erected for the Bishop of Rochester to preach against Luther and Dr. Barnes; and great baskets full of books which were commanded, after the great fire was made before the Rood of Northen, there to be burned; and these heretics, after the sermon, to go thrice about the fire, and to cast in their faggots. Now while the sermon was a-doing, Dr. Barnes and the Stillyard men were commanded to kneel down and ask forgiveness of God . . . and after that he was commanded to declare that he was more charitably handled than he deserved or was worthy, his heresies were so horrible and so detestable.

But for all this, the book was hard to down. Tynedale bought new presses and printed his Bibles faster than before; the sale of copies for the bonfire had brought him the necessary cash with which to carry on his work.

Long after the English Bible had become respectable, Oxford University had a pretty burning of its own. Milton and Hobbes and the Quakers and many other Reds of that day had been setting forth "damnable doctrines destructive to the sacred persons of Princes, their State and Government, and of all Human Society." There had been a plot to assassinate Charles II and his brother in 1683. The learned doctors of the University reflected "with utmost detestation and abhorrence on that execrable villainy," and paid "due acknowledgment to the Divine Providence, which brought it to pass that the breath of our nostrils, the anointed of the Lord, is not taken in the pit which was prepared for him, and that under his shadow we continue to live." Conscience required them to lay open "those impious doctrines" which had obviously given rise to the nefarious attempts; whereupon they cited no less than twenty-seven doctrines from current anarchist literature: All civil authority is derived originally from the people, if lawful governors become tyrants, or govern otherwise than by the laws of God and man they ought to do, they forfeit the right they had unto their government; birthright and proximity of blood give no title to rule or government, and it is lawful to preclude the next heir from his rights and succession to the crown—and so on, up to a brazen defence of the extermination of that blessed martyr, Charles the First.

All and every of these doctrines the University men declared to be false, and most of them blasphemous and heretical. They further decreed that these doctrines were fitted to deprave the good manners and corrupt the minds of unwary men, and produce still other effects too detestable to mention; and therefore: "We interdict all members of the University from the reading of said books . . . we also order the before recited books to be publicly burnt by the hand of our marshal, in the court of our schools." Moreover they capped the bonfire by a campaign of education, commanding the tutors, readers and catechists "that they diligently instruct their scholars in that most necessary doctrine . . . of submitting to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake . . . teaching that this submission and obedience is to be clear, absolute and without exception of any state or order of men." Nor should this devotion to authority be passive: with a final delicate polish they close the decree, "that they press and oblige the students humbly to offer their most ardent and daily prayers to the throne of grace for the preservation of our Sovereign

Lord King Charles," that he "may continue his reign on earth till he exchange it for that of a late and happy immortality."

But it is characteristic of censorship that the burnt of one generation are the burners of the next; in this case the common hangman publicly burnt this decree thirty years later by order of the House of Lords. Perhaps it was not far-seeing of Oxford to order that these impious doctrines, with their sources, should be publicly affixed in the libraries, refectories, and all other fit places, where they might be seen and read and detested of all.

These were the ways of a censorship that was magnificent. From the burnished glory of St. Paul's, with its noble lords and saintly bishops, to our shabby raids by common fellows in plain clothes, is a melancholy descent. Surely the time is ripe for the restoration of censorship to its former place as a fine art. We are well equipped for the production of great effects, and some really notable individuals in this country might be brought to gorgeous trial. The recent revival of interest in pageantry might be turned to good account, providing as it does, a considerable number of persons who are well qualified to direct the ordering of public ceremonies. Our beautiful capital city on the Potomac offers unrivalled vistas. Let us then choose an open space before the building that houses the Department of Justice and dedicate it to the perpetual preservation of the truth, whatever the truth may happen to be at the time; and then let the nation—nay, the nations, contemplate, when occasion offers, the decorative possibilities of Mr. Mitchell Palmer, and God willing, of his successors, enthroned among great officers of State after the manner of their mediæval contemporaries and then let there be a ceremonial lighting of the bonfire for the burning of the seditious books and pamphlets, and while the smoke of their burning rises up into the nostrils of the elect, let some learned divine deliver a patriotic sermon while the miserable authors kneel down and ask forgiveness of God.

Alice Edgerton.

GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE.

ITALIAN criticism of France, which has not been very amiable during the last two years, has not failed to question France's claim to a position of superiority in the arts. "Since Victor Hugo and Renan," ask the Italians, "has France produced an authentic literary masterpiece which has been recognized as such by all the world?" Many people will answer this challenge with the name of Anatole France. But though Anatole France's name is widely known, his appeal is to people of culture. He does not make the general appeal of Tolstoy or Dickens or Victor Hugo; and it must be admitted that France has had no figure of that universal kind since Victor Hugo.

But all the same, the general quality of the mass of writing produced in France year in, year out, is infinitely higher than that of any other country. If there be no great master in France to-day, there are a number of little masters. If one glances back over the last five years, one finds that even in the matter of war-books the best have come from France—Barbusse's "Under Fire," though the most famous, is by no means the best. In the literature of no other country can one find that impartiality of presentation, unaffected by the fumes of patriotism and the appetite for "eating the Boche,"

which is to be found in M. Dorgel s' "Wooden Crosses," M. Martinet's "The Sheltered House," M. Zavie's "Prisoner in Germany," and also, to a certain extent, in M. Duhamel's "Lives of Martyrs" and "Civilization"; and I must not omit that remarkable "La Famille Tuyau-le-Po le," written under a pseudonym by an army surgeon, which gives a cold and accurate account of the terrors and absurdities and rascalities prevailing in a little town at the front.

French superiority in literature lies to-day not in the possession of great imaginative power but in technique, and in a ruthless presentation of facts. Everything is drawn out into the light. I can not think of any French writer now living who gives the impression of being, so to speak, "possessed." Short stories which are once more a feature of French newspapers have seldom other than a trivial basis: but they succeed because of their excellent technical handling; every word achieves a certain effect. But in my view there is more sheer imagination in any American magazine one may choose to pick up. I do not of course mean that French literature as a whole is lacking in imagination; but rather that it is not imagination which dominates in French literature of the present hour.

As to poetry, the torrents of half-sentimental, half-mystical poetry which during the war and since have gushed forth in England, and, to some extent, in America have had no parallel in France. Of course, there has been plenty of poetry inspired by the war, but most of it is already forgotten. Already nothing seems so old in France as poetry about the war. French poets regard the war in a totally different way from the English. In a country where every man from his youth up is faced with the necessity of donning a uniform, he is not inclined to see anything very wonderful or knightly in being a soldier. He is not inclined to look on himself as an exceptional and god-like person. The more intelligence he has, the more he sees that it is an emotional mistake to put the tragedy of war among the men in the lines,

*Nous jouissons de tout, m me de nos souffrances;
Notre humeur est charmante, l'ardeur vient quand il faut;
Nous sommes narquois, car nous savons faire la part des choses,
Et il n'y a pas plus de folie chez celui qui jette les grenades
que chez celui qui plume les patates.*

Those lines are from M. Apollinaire's "Calligrammes," the only book of French poetry dealing with the war which, so far, seems likely to live. Possibly the poems of M. Martinet, which during the war were suppressed by the censor and are now to be printed, may reveal a poet capable of cleansing the episodes of war of all triviality, but up to the present, the poets of France have concerned themselves about things that have been important only momentarily and to themselves. The younger poets have not been stirred into writing verse solely by their war experiences.

The group represented by the little review, *Litt rature*, directed by M. Philippe Soupault, is the most interesting of the younger groups and, on the whole, the most coherent. It is, in fact, the only one of the new groups which has seriously thought out its reasons for existing. Its one clear dogma is, Realism is dead. The "Dada" group, which has shown a prodigious faculty for advertisement, proclaims that most other things are dead, but one does not know whether to regard "Dada" as an artistic manifestation or as a business enterprise. M. Andr  Gide has lent "Dadaism" his

countenance, but he has not the special gifts needed to interpret a movement which seems at first sight to be merely idiotic, and to impose it on the public as a serious venture. Apollinaire could have done it, and though the Dadaists may rejoice at the mortality of all else they have good reason to be sorry that Apollinaire is dead.

What improbable material Apollinaire could galvanize into life and render as plausible as the Book of Proverbs! He would turn his back on nothing, whether it were green hair on women, or sculpture made with bits of coloured glass and cork. His instinct was to search the most puerile or disgusting manifestation for those elements whereby it might be justified. Through him Cubism became a school of painting as fully acknowledged as Pre-Raphaelitism. The Futurism of Marinetti, without Apollinaire, would have been but the vulgar dream of an Italian returned from America with his pockets full of money. Apollinaire actually created people out of nothing. A whole tribe of writers who followed at his heels existed only through him; without him they would never have been heard of; and now that he has gone they have mysteriously dwindled.

It is hard to believe that he is dead. When I think of Apollinaire, I think irresistibly of Apuleius—for there was always about him something of the sorcerer; he had the grace too of Apuleius; his interest and curiosity, his fondness for racy anecdote, his incomparable skill in passing quickly from one subject to another; and with all that, the suggestion of something baffling, some second thought held in reserve for his own private enjoyment.

It was this last trait which led many to doubt his sincerity. I can not pretend to say how far he saw ironically some things which he persuaded others to take seriously. That was his own secret. There can be little doubt, however, that he sometimes practised what Cardinal Newman in his theological language calls "the economy." What he expressed was his thought, but it was not all his thought. The rigid, logical attitude of the true Frenchman could not be his by nature. He had the Slav fluidity and adaptability. Of Polish origin, Wilhelm Apollinaire Kostrowitzky was born in Rome, 26 August, 1880, and baptized in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. His youth was passed at Nice, and there he served his military training in the French army. When the war broke out, he might, as a foreigner, have put forward some valid excuses, but he joined up at once and chose the cavalry. At that time nobody could have looked less like a soldier or a horseman than he did.

But here is what must give pause to those who cast doubt upon the sincerity of his enthusiasms. This man, by temperament and physique the least likely of soldiers, made himself by force of imaginative suggestion into a good soldier. As long as he was in the army the soldier was uppermost. There was no revolt in him. One might have thought that, taken from the brilliant artistic life which prevailed in Paris just before the war, and cast among the grossness of the barrack-room, he would have been overcome by intolerable loneliness. It was not so. Looked on askance at first, he eventually became popular with his companions as a teller of stories (Apuleius!) and never once complained of the arduous life of the recruit. To friends who sent him commiserating letters he would respond with reassuring messages and often wrote about his horse Loulou, which he loved very much.

One day, as Apollinaire was sitting in a trench, he was hit on the head with a piece of shell. He was

removed to a hospital in Paris where the operation of trepanning was performed. It was thought at first that he would recover, but the grippe seized him and he died. Thus the war took its chief victim from the arts—perhaps the chief victim of all. I, indeed, think so. Compared with Apollinaire, Charles Péguy seems petty and local, Rupert Brooke, Alan Seeger and the rest mere pygmies. These all said their say and gave their measure; Apollinaire was incalculable. It is impossible to estimate what was lost in losing him. It is certain at any rate that when he died he had shown only half his strength.

Most of the modern movements in European art were inspired by him, either as the protagonist, or as the magician who cast his spells.

It would be difficult to over-praise certain of his writings; but he was a greater man than his books. He was a creator, an inspirer, the Holy Ghost of the arts in the decade before the war. In his two volumes of verse, "Alcools" and "Calligrammes," there are poems which, for originality of matter and freshness of treatment, are unequalled in modern poetry. "Le Musicien de Saint-Merry" is surely one of the greatest poems ever written, for cadence, for emotion, for sheer beauty arising out of the heart of things. Apollinaire is called obscure, and it is true that his poems do not yield their secret at first reading, but his thought is really no more difficult than Emerson's; what difficulty there is he increased by suppressing punctuation, and in "Calligrammes," by fantastic typography. This, it must be admitted, he carried too far. One thinks with a shudder of the battles he must have waged with printers and publishers to realize his typographic dream. But was the result worth the trouble? "Rain," by suggesting visually falling rain, does perhaps help the poem—or would help it if it were possible to read it. "The Stabbed Dove" is beautiful, but it gains nothing by being printed to look like a fountain; on the contrary, much of the beauty evaporates while the reader labours to make it out.

In the important poems of his last years he tended more and more to a synthesis. Round a central theme he would embroider minor themes apparently without connexion with each other or with the main theme, but having the same obscure universal connexion. "Monday, rue Christine," is a good example of his manner. Here one gets, by what seems mere random touches, the sensation of the street as it has never been given before. One is standing in its midst with all its roaring and squalling around one.

Apollinaire's prose falls into two divisions. He wrote "pot-boilers" under assumed names, like a Grub Street hack. This kind of thing is still common enough in France. I do not know whether Apollinaire wrote anything that somebody else signed; it is quite probable that he did. Certainly, he wrote much under various pseudonyms, and many of these things will never be identified. He was really a very learned man, without a trace of the heavy airs and postures of the professional scholar. Therefore, publishers after their manner abused him, knowing he was poor. But he always kept a thick wall between what he wrote to please the publishers and what he wrote to please himself. His romance, "The Fall of Babylon," was evidently written to accompany certain pictures with which the publisher interlarded the text, but it has conspicuous merits. No ordinary man could have written it. It has all the peculiar velvety softness, the seduction, of Apollinaire's style. However, he disdained it, answering my praise with: "Have you read my 'Hérésiarche et Cie'? That is one of my good

things." He was right. Since Villiers de l'Isle-Adam there has not appeared such an original collection of short stories. Not all of them are short stories in the technical sense; in some he abandons the high-road of narrative and strays, according to his peculiar method, among by-ways and hedges. But if one yields oneself up to his spell, one is aware of a new kind of pleasure, a pleasure such as one has never found in a book before.

His "Cubist Painters" is not so much a defence of the Cubist school as a rectification of its methods. He explains these painters to themselves; he saves them the trouble of knowing what they want to do. All good artists hate to explain their work. It has gone out of them; it has become something apart. To ask Shakespeare what he meant by "Hamlet" would be to deserve an indifferent or commonplace reply. So much of what is involuntary goes into every creation. It is here that the critic comes in. The great critic, it may fairly be said, knows more about the work than does the creator of it. So it was with Apollinaire and the Cubists. He gave them a status, after he had written they knew what they were doing.

Apollinaire's books number about a dozen in all, counting those issued in limited and expensive editions which have now become rare. In all of them one finds a preoccupation, never anxious, with the incalculable forces that lie below the surface of life. Those hidden powers which promote and guide our impulses Apollinaire sought, not in terror and delirium like Poe and Hoffmann, but with the smiling curiosity of the old magicians to whom he was akin.

What modern writer has been so various? "Giovanni Moroni" is an almost uncanny evocation of the way a child perceives sordid and tragical life—half-seeing it, misinterpreting it, living in a different world from grown men and women. In "The Hérésiarch" we have a picture of that degradation which seems so often to be the fate of the Roman Catholic priest who breaks away from his Church.

On a gloomy November day in 1918, when Paris was given over to cheering and dancing and drinking in celebration of the armistice, there was a simple funeral at the Church of St. Thomas Aquin. The mourners were not many. Apollinaire had become fairly well-known, but his death came at a crowded moment in the world's history. Amidst the general delirium only one morning paper told the news of his death. With a strange irony, in keeping with the subtle and amused irony of his character, his body passed through the dancing and cheering crowds to its grave.

VINCENT O'SULLIVAN.

IN THE CLASSICAL CEMETERY.

VII. THE HAMLET WHO DID.

HUSH! Tread softly! Orestes is coming, the daring, suffering Orestes of Euripides. With what deliberate caution and with what infinite pains Orestes appears before us, for the house is afire and he is shipwrecked and must lurk behind a pillar or beneath the first hospitable tomb. Should he be discovered—but who save only Euripides himself can convey even a faint notion of the catastrophe were Orestes to be discovered as he makes his way with catlike tread in the direction of his sisters and his aunts?

That other muffled and mysterious figure, advancing when Orestes steals forward, darting behind a tree every time Orestes crouches—who can that be? It is Pylades. Inseparable pair! Together they wander in and out of the tragedies of Euripides ever on vengeance bent, sometimes drenched to the skin, often wondering where they are to pass the night. Pylades never really knows what

it is all about, enough for him that Orestes understands. Orestes will do the talking—eloquently, energetically, imperishably. Pylades is content to be in at the death, and there is sure to be a death. His loyalty is of that intimate and personal kind which forbids a too curious prying into the merits of the feuds within his friend's family. Does Orestes want his mother slaughtered? Pylades, as a Yale man would remark, is on the job.

Orestes, pursued by the furies, is in dire need of all his friend's devotion. His situation is so oddly akin to that in which Hamlet found himself that even the learned Doctor Dryasdust might have been expected to notice the similarity, but he notices it in a most casual and accidental manner—as if it were of no particular importance. There is a dead king and a guilty widow marrying in hot haste the usurper who plotted the destruction of her husband. There is a son bent on vengeance. Orestes leans on Pylades just as Hamlet does on Horatio. Sweet princes both—but where the Dane halts for meditation, the Greek never hesitates. Orestes is mad, too, and there is no mystery about that either. He wrestles with three phantoms, not like Hamlet, with only one. He, too, tells himself that the time is out of joint but he has the savage satisfaction of believing that he was born to set it right. With wings as swift as the thoughts of love Orestes sweeps to his revenge while Hamlet somewhat vaguely mentions a purpose to that effect. Orestes plunges the blade into his mother's bosom as she caresses his cheek, while Hamlet softly says: "I will speak daggers but use none."

There is something almost jaunty and impertinent in Doctor Dryasdust's explanation of this difference on the basis that centuries of Christian culture had intervened between Orestes and Hamlet. The theory that Hamlet hesitates because he is a Christian gentleman is a pretty advertisement for the clergy but it does not fit the awkwardness of certain facts. Apart from the circumstance that Shakespeare's Denmark is imperfectly Christianized, there is the detail—first pointed out by a great master of the spiritual life, William Law, in the eighteenth century—that the Christian world is a far more dangerous enemy of Christianity than was ever the old pagan world.

All those centuries of Christian civilization have worked no such wonders as would explain the difference between Orestes and Hamlet. The Argive people were just as much horrified by the act of Orestes as if they had themselves enjoyed, with an intensity equal to our own, the blessings of Christianity. These Argives would tolerate no extenuation of the crime. True, they argued, Clytemnestra was a murderess and an adulteress, she had killed a king and married with his kinsman, but nevertheless they condemned to death the son who, to avenge his father, had slain his mother. The less said about those centuries of Christian civilization the better, for they have effected no such amelioration in human kind by contrast with the ancient Greeks as would render the argument convincing.

Nothing is gained by conjuring up a melodramatic Orestes, ruthless, pagan, thirsting for gore, raving over a father's fate. Euripides conceived Orestes in the mood of Shakespeare when he created Hamlet. Orestes has the courtier's eye, the soldier's sword, the scholar's tongue. He, too, is the rose and expectancy of the fair State, the observed of all observers. His mother is scarcely dead when we behold "that unmatched form and feature of blown youth blasted with ecstasy." Orestes, like Hamlet, deems himself an instrument of the divine vengeance. The Dane was spurred to action by a ghost from the grave, the Greek by the raving priestess of Apollo. The madness of Hamlet is not less violent than the madness of Orestes. The calls of each to a dead father's spirit echo each other with the same unavailing protest against dire destiny. But never do we see Orestes hesitate and never do we see Hamlet do anything else.

The heart of all this mystery is unfolded by the contrast between the character of Electra and the character

of Ophelia. Had Ophelia stood in the place of Electra, Orestes would have behaved like Hamlet. If Electra had come into Hamlet's life, he would have acted like Orestes. This is the whole explanation and the sole explanation of the difference in the treatment of an identical theme by Euripides and Shakespeare. The genius of the Greek and the genius of the Englishman have points of contact scarcely less remarkable than is the parallel between Orestes and Hamlet. Euripides, like Shakespeare, had acquired a perfect intimacy with human nature in all its labyrinths, in all its depths. Shakespeare, like Euripides, reveals fancy, imagination, psychological insight. Each picked up his plots wherever he found them. Shakespeare revelled in the natural man, just as Euripides did. Both knew the heart of woman as it was never known by any playwright but themselves. The mystery of Hamlet could have remained no mystery to Euripides for he conceived Orestes without an Ophelia exactly as Shakespeare created a Hamlet without an Electra.

Electra is like Ophelia in having a brother and a lover. Ophelia is like Electra in that she never tells her love. The love in the hearts of these women is manifested by their deportment and not through any spoken avowal. The love in each case is disinterested and sincere. Never was a brother so loved as Electra loves Orestes and never was a sister so sweetly submissive to the admonitions of a brother as we find Ophelia when Laertes speaks. When Ophelia finds her father slain, she loses her reason. Electra, learning the fate of her father, plots at once the destruction of his murderers. She is capable, implacable, ineluctable. She stalks through tragedy after tragedy, planning murder after murder, halting outside those portals of doom to hear the shrieks and entreaties of the victims within. One dread alone sickens her—perhaps the hand of Orestes will falter; there may be no murder, after all. She hopes for murder, and upon that hope she lives. A single grievance checks the impulse of her heart towards Pylades—who is dear to her, one suspects, because he is ready to die for Orestes. These noble kinsmen, she fears, are letting somebody off. There is a young lady they have overlooked. Why not murder Hermione? Neither Orestes nor Pylades dreams of disputing the decision or the judgment of Electra on such a point. What a head on shoulders so lovely! What a heart in that soft, enticing bosom! Her brother can do no more than cry aloud outside the fatal gate that she is a man in all things but the grace and splendour of her womanhood. The murderer's hand was the hand of Orestes. The murders were the conception of Electra. Euripides never lets us forget this for a moment.

Orestes is Hamlet, as Hamlet must have been in the grip of Electra, and he is Macbeth hounded on to murder by a more terrible sleepwalker than Lady Macbeth—for Electra has her waking trances and talks in them of blood, and curses, and of the doom upon her house. How completely even a critic like Goethe can miss the point is shown by his declaration that in Hamlet Shakespeare meant to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a spirit inadequate for its achievement! Macbeth was inadequate, but his lady flogged him forward with all the scorpions of her scorn. Orestes was as inadequate as Hamlet and no less gentle, as filled with poetical sentiment, and as irresolute. Never was he pursued by the furies as relentlessly as his sister pursued him. His life is one long echo of his sister's call for murders, and he lies raving at last because he has caught her spirit.

Only with diffidence can even the best of us express an opinion at variance with the judgment of Coleridge on the subject of Hamlet. When that high authority has it that the Dane "loses the power of action in the energy of resolve" it becomes obvious that Coleridge has missed the real significance of Ophelia. Though Coleridge does actually pause, as it were, outside her door. He seems to be just on the point of discovering her, but he passes on. Coleridge does not give a thought to poor Ophelia when he "explains" Hamlet. As for dear

old Ulrici, competent Shakespearean critic though he be, one can only smile when one reads that he sees in Hamlet the Christian struggling with the natural man. The answer to all such critics can be put in the form of the well-worn French maxim: look for the woman! We find her in the case of Orestes. She can not evade us as she does in the case of Hamlet.

Imagine Hamlet bursting in upon Electra with his doublet all unbraced, his knees knocking together, pale as his shirt. Would he have taken Electra by the wrist and held her hard, as he did Ophelia? Would Electra have let him go the length of all her arm and fall to such perusal of her face "as he would draw it"? Electra would by that time have known all about the murder, all about the ghost. It is she who would have got to that platform at Elsinore first. A mere suspicion of hesitation in Hamlet would have brought Electra to the heat of such fury as made her hiss her contempt into the ear of Orestes when first he found the practical details of murder somewhat unpleasant. There must have ensued between Electra and Hamlet just such a fury of words as makes so vivid her scene with Orestes prior to the dispatching of their mother. Electra would have bidden Hamlet, as she bade Orestes, not to falter, not to palter. Hamlet has doubts of the honesty of his ghost and Orestes questions at last the genuineness of the oracle. Electra would have disposed of the hesitations of Hamlet just as she thrust the doubts of Orestes from him on the approach of his mother. Orestes may cherish whatever doubts he pleases but to hesitate to act—he knew his Electra too well to dare to do that.

Having respectfully dissented from Coleridge, one may now agree with him a little. Hamlet perceives that Ophelia is a decoy, an instrument in the hands of others. Had Electra been at Elsinore, Hamlet would have been the decoy, the instrument, but not in any hands but those of Electra herself. There might have been just as many murders but the casualty list would read, oh! so differently. In the end Laertes would have given Electra to Hamlet. That is, Laertes would have thought he was doing the giving. In reality Electra would be doing the taking. That is what she did with Pylades—took him as if he were a rose she happened to be plucking, although poor, raving Orestes thought he was giving Electra away. She has been giving herself away for over two thousand years and still Doctor Dryasdust fails to get her, just as he fails to get Ophelia and still babbles about the mystery of Hamlet.

ALEXANDER HARVEY.

POETRY.

EXAMINATIONS.

Survey of English Literature, Course 24.

"Shelley was born in seventeen ninety-two,
And died at thirty, and he was a poet,
He wrote an elegy called Adonais
And many minor works. Lord Byron lived
From 'eighty-eight to eighteen twenty-four;
He led a reckless life. He was romantic,
Childe Harold being his first successful work.
He died, I think, in Italy or Greece.
I don't know Southey's dates or poems. Also
Keats was a poet, and he was romantic.
He died in eighteen hundred twenty-one."

Thus with laborious pen my struggling scholar,
It being term time and the mountains green.

Now from the Grasmere meadows larks ascend,
And all the silent hills like pools of water
Are troubled by the singing silver rain;
Also a pyramid in Rome grows warm
Beneath the radiant Italian noon,
And Spezia's bay—ah, that is flecked with sunlight
As once it was a hundred years ago.

Shelley is dead, and Keats. What would you more?

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES.

MISCELLANY.

A PROGRAMME which I heard recently in New York by the Philadelphia orchestra was an interesting *mélange* of the classic and the modern. I can imagine no greater contrast than that between the formal perfection of Bach and the foggy impressionism of a man like Mr. Cyril Scott; and both of these men were represented. Mr. Scott himself played a piano concerto of his own composition. He also conducted the orchestra in a couple of *passacaglias*. His music is meaningless to me; that is its one charm. If you are looking for melody, you will be hopelessly confused by this stuff, because it aims at nothing so definite as that. It aims at nothing definitely, for the matter of that, except a misty indefiniteness. It shows no evidence of form, or meaning, or even of thought. What it achieves is something unique in colour-effects. It throws off cloud after cloud of weirdly-coloured haze. When you are quite under the spell of mystery you see form, of a kind, half emerging from the fog. But you are not quite sure; it may be a shadow or perhaps a phantom shimmering in an ultra-violet haze over the horizon. You are still trying to decide whether there is anything there when a hoarse growl from the cymbals startles you out of the spell and the piece is over.

THIS I call unhealthy music. It uncovers raw nerves and plays on them in queer rhythms until it drives you half mad. It teases. It suggests things it is not going to do. It makes promises it has no intention of fulfilling. It has an infinity of suggestion, without a bit of satisfaction. It is not intended to satisfy, it is intended only to provoke. Of course one knows what a long cry all this is from the sweet classicism of Bach—Bach, with his phlegmatic nature, his large family and his beautifully clear music! . . . For Bach, in spite of his difficulty, is intelligible. You can not get it all at once, any more than you can fathom out one of Leonardo's faces at a glance, but you can get it in time by paying attention. When you begin to get his idea, it's the most fascinating thing in the world to follow the working out of his intricate designs. Its difficulty is only the difficulty of communing with a mind that is too big to put all it has to say in a paragraph of monosyllables. The difficulty with modern composers like Mr. Scott, however, seems to be the difficulty of understanding a mind that makes no attempt to understand itself. The modern art seems to have given up understanding anything and transferred its interest to the depiction of odd psychic states. The obstacle to complete apprehension of Bach is the greatness of his intellect; the obstacle to complete apprehension of the moderns is their neglect, even their scorn, of intellect.

IN discarding intellect, nevertheless, the moderns have not taken on a deck-load of emotion. In substituting feeling for thinking they have only started on a still hunt for oddities of sensation. They are interested not in the heights of joy or the depths of sorrow, but in the equivocal middleground of unnamed sensation. They do not move—they titillate. Their forte is not the depiction of passion, but the production of a clutter of emotional bric-à-brac. Brahms stands somewhere near the middle of the long road from Bach to the moderns, and on this programme of the Philadelphia orchestra he was represented by his Fourth Symphony, appropriately enough. It seems to fit in somewhere between the classicism of the sonatas and the Bacchic primitiveness of the dances. The themes, especially in the first two movements, have been handled tenderly, almost diffidently, and with a delicacy of shading that required for reproduction all the great orchestra's command of the nuance. In the other two movements, the wildness becomes more apparent. It does not rage and storm. It only ruffles its hair in a futile sort of way, and turns baffled eyes to the audience. A little melancholy, a little regret, a little mild revolt—nothing in excess. It is not tragedy, and it is not pathos, but it is a sort of faintly regretful pensiveness.

TALKING of Mr. Cyril Scott reminds me how splendidly the British look after some of their affairs, and how badly they neglect others. When Mr. Scott arrived for the first time in this country a few weeks ago, he was permitted to escape the ship reporters and little or no mention was made of his arrival. But had Mr. Scott been a Frenchman coming to America for his first tour what trumpeting there would have been. The French Government itself attends to such matters. It is, perhaps, not generally known that there is in New York a special bureau which looks after the interests of French artists in this country and supplies the newspapers with generous quantities of "publicity material."

THE biographer of William M. Chase tells the following anecdote about his childhood: "One morning, while out on some errands, she [Chase's mother] left her little boy in the yard of a friend's house for a few moments. There was a small tree full of ripe pears within the child's reach, and his mother before she left him forbade him to pick any of the fruit. When she came back she found that her young son had quite literally obeyed her: he had not picked a single pear, but he had eaten several directly from the tree, leaving the cores still attached to the parent stem." Chase's mother told the story in order to show how, at the age of five, the celebrated painter obtained his desires "without doing violence to his conscience." And she was right in thinking it significant, for it is a parable not only of Chase's life but of the "art idea" of his generation. To get the pears while leaving the cores "still attached to the parent stem": was not that the whole game?

It is to the aristocratic tradition that we owe what sense we have of being entitled to our own individualities. Aristocracies have kept open the right of way for all rebels, artists and anarchists of the spirit; and it is because we have had no aristocracy in America that Americans so seldom feel that they are justified in breaking away from the herd. The condition of freedom in America is, therefore, the development of a native aristocracy. No, not you, my Junker friends! Pride is the essential virtue of aristocracy; if you possessed it, you would never, like Indian rajahs, confess yourselves a subject race by mimicking the customs that England has begun to cast off. But this aristocracy would soon exist were every American artist in agreement with Edwin Arlington Robinson's dictum (expressed with a somewhat wry exaggeration): "If a poet with no obligations and responsibilities can not live on a thousand dollars a year, he ought to go into some other business."

THE proudest claim an American of our day can put forth is to say that he is "impartial." All American histories since the Civil War have been "dispassionate marshallings of the facts." Not to have drawn any personal conclusions, not to have revealed any personal bias—that is the boast of the American scholar, whose greatest horror is to reveal himself as an individual, a man. But what are these "facts" that have been so judiciously marshalled? The past contains innumerable facts: every fact that survives implies that some selection has taken place; to be impartial is merely to make one's mind the register of the desires of the man in the street. And the "street" in our day is Wall Street. "Scientific history," in short, is the business man's history. Have we forgotten that before he went to live in Boston, Mr. James Ford Rhodes was a partner of Mark Hanna?

"We love the grandeur of nature, and have discovered it," said Nietzsche; "that is because human grandeur is lacking in our minds." How much light does this not throw upon John Muir and the whole vast army of American nature-lovers? We are the nature-loving race, *par excellence*, if one is to judge from the list of our national parks, each one "grander" than the last—and the race that most despises itself.

JOURNEYMAN.

THE THEATRE.

THE CLASSIC ST. JOHN ERVINE.

"MIXED MARRIAGE," which is now being played at the Bramhall Playhouse, is an earlier work of Mr. St. John Ervine than either "John Ferguson" or "Jane Clegg," but it already shows signs of that framework of carefully noted detail, imposed upon a well outlined classic mechanism, which becomes unmistakable in the later plays. It is confusing to think of Mr. Ervine as an Irishman. The Irishmen of Belfast are Puritans; and Mr. Ervine not only draws them as such, but plots their progress with a Calvinistic hand. If you sin, Mr. Ervine is saying in his plays, you pay for it; and sin may be any infraction of a people's code. This is too stern to be genuinely Irish, and too final; perhaps even too unimaginative. At least it clears the way to our seeing Mr. Ervine as a careful and discerning dramatist who happened by chance to be drawn to portraying the Protestant Irish background, and who has brought to it the economy and consistency of classic drama. On this basis, we shall not be led to expect too much poetry from him, nor that strange gift which makes the Irish see curiously into life, even at the same moment when they are resigning from it.

The theme of "Mixed Marriage" is the conflict between the two kinds of people who live in Ireland. It is absurd, of course, but a kind of absurdity which persists, to see the religious separation of that country as purely a problem of dogma. Human beings develop feelings, emotions, attitudes according to their temperament and their reaction to living, and then invent theories or seize on philosophies to express and justify them. Ireland, therefore, is part Catholic and part Protestant. Mr. Ervine, one may believe, sees this. It is true he allows his young folk to protest all through his play that human beings are all alike, and that the religions they inherit from their fathers ought not to be allowed to stand in the way of them when they fall in love and want to wed. Perhaps some of the dramatist's own idealism and desire for a united Ireland was speaking there, too. But he gives accent and importance to a counter view and a final authority to it, when he lets a stray Catholic bullet come in to deny the validity of brotherhood.

The theme has gone on living and has quite as much vitality in its special reference to Ireland today as it had when "Mixed Marriage" was first written. But the continued timeliness of it is an accident of history and British statesmanship; as an abstract element of dramatic action it serves chiefly to illuminate the dramatist himself and his method. Mr. Ervine has a kind of finality in his mind which makes him seize on themes that lie deep down in the lodes of human feeling, are intimately related to the sweat and struggle of human society. When Mr. Shaw was asked to observe the old-fashioned mechanism of "John Ferguson," the mortgage, the seduction, the shooting and the delayed letter, his comment was, "My dear young man, if you have ever gone to the trouble of reading any of my plays, you will see I always use what people understand to make them see what they don't understand."

This feeling for ultimate things, fundamental ideas and decisive Olympian endings, is so classic in Mr. Ervine that it is as if a Greek education had

pursued him unwontedly through all his imaginings. It seems more than accidental that in this youthful play, the mother should be significant largely as she echoes "The Medea" and "The Trojan Women," on the woes and suffering of women in a man's warlike world. Its translation into Irish whimsey, and the distinguished presentation given the part at the Bramhall Playhouse by Miss Margaret Wycherly, does not hide its honourable sources. But it is in treatment that Mr. Ervine is most the Greek. Even in "Jane Clegg," in which the movement is closely hidden under a fine and careful regard for the illusion of human appearances, the thread of fated necessity shows clear at each and every turn. In the end, Mr. Ervine's men and women are always overtaken by it. Nora Murray opens the door and is killed by a stray bullet. "It is the will of God," declares the stern old Orangeman, who had fought the Catholic girl from the beginning.

Mr. Ervine is ironic, and irony is modern and self conscious. It may be questioned whether the clarity of his dramatic form and the definiteness with which it is put forward is suited to irony, suited at all to our modern ironic conception of life, to the view we have of it as a formless, accidental and not entirely rational process. On our own stage we are only slowly approaching what the Russians have felt, out of the negation of their own existence, for many years, that dramatic essence arises from the multiplication of tiny conflicts, the feeling that tragedy lies most deeply in the small frustrations, that vanguard the large ones. The large and simple plan which shows man pursued across space by a relentless hound of heaven is unsuited to all our modern experience, in which neither the good die young nor the sinful are paid off with the wage of death. Because life is so large, so unreasonable, so contemptuous of our hopeful guidance that it can not be reduced to categories and axiomatic simplifications, is the reason for modern irony. When Mr. Ervine realizes that fact he will have a more than highly approved contemporary claim to our attention.

RALPH BLOCK.

OVERPRODUCTION.

By a natural association of ideas, "Afgar," "the sensation of London and Paris" which is now "taking New York by storm" at the Central Theatre, sent my mind back to that other "musical extravaganza," "Mecca," which I saw at the Century Theatre several weeks ago. I wanted to make comparisons, but found it a difficult task. As I struggled to recall my earlier impressions, my original purpose gave way to curiosity as to the mere extent of my recollections. Three brief weeks had passed. What I tried to remember had been presented to me as one of the greatest spectacles ever produced on a New York stage. The vast cost of the production had been advertised to prove its worth, the sum mentioned being quite extraordinary even for New York. And yet what was it my memory preserved of all that glory? Two quaint little Chinese figures round which a medley of unrelated colours seemed to move chaotically. Out of all that chaos flashed brief glimpses of a line of Egyptian figures moving jerkily and yet rhythmically across a background that failed strangely to sustain the satisfaction imparted by the angularly graceful figures.

That was all. As I tried to build on those scant reminiscences, the doll-like features of little Wei Wa Shi seemed to intrude between me and the rest, until practically nothing else remained. And I began to suspect that the \$400,000 expended on "Mecca" had been wasted

in my case except in so far as it had helped to provide a proper setting for the exquisite and perfect art of Miss Ida Mulle and Mr. Thomas Leary.

Returning home, I sought assistance from the programme which I had saved, and as I read through its seven pages filled with acknowledgments of service reaching from Broadway to Cairo, I realized what, in all likelihood, I should be able to recall of "Afgar" in two or three weeks more: the single quaint figure of the "interlogue," blending perfectly with a background as grateful to the eye as the green of a newly-cut sward on a cloudless day in June.

Dramatically both "Mecca" and "Afgar" may be held to be quite negligible. They are not plays; they are entertainments, spectacles. As such, however, they are subject to the same demands and the same criticisms as any other theatrical performance. They should offer acting, scenery, costuming, etc., on a level with the pretensions of their producers and of their publicity—not to speak of the prices extracted by the ticket-offices. Yet all that could be had out of them is evidenced by the only vivid images now representing my own recollections of both plays. The impersonations of that bland old heathen, Wei San Wei, and his "velly miselable, but velly cleveh" wifelet will remain among my cherished memories of the theatre to be revived whenever my mind turns to what is truest and finest and most enduring in the actor's art. Less lasting will be the remembrance of that momentary exhibition of a perfect stage-picture in "Afgar," but it will linger a long time as one of a little set of standards by which I judge stagecraft.

It would be impossible to deny that not only money, but labour and ingenuity and honest endeavour have been spent lavishly on these two productions. This is particularly the case as far as the scenery and the costuming are concerned. Why then should the total impressions of both be so unsatisfactory?

My own answer to that question is clear and unreluctant: because the producer's attention in both cases has been so focused on details that nothing has been left for the stage-picture obtained by the combination of those details. There are any number of striking and beautiful costumes in "Mecca," but they have practically no relation to each other in the total effect. They neither harmonize with each other nor set each other off by proper contrast. In the harem scene in "Afgar," the badly coloured walls of the room, with their eye-confusing scroll work, practically defeat the satisfactory effect of the background, into which they should melt as the red of the poppy melts into the pale green of the young grain.

In that same scene the floor was strewn with pillows, each one of which would have been a cherished treasure if transported to my own humble home. But seen in the mass they impressed the eye as might a canvas on which a Gauguin and an old specimen of the Düsseldorf school had been painted side by side. The same was the case with the dresses worn by the wives of Lord Afgar—pompous creations that would have been quite striking if seen one by one, but that on the stage they killed each other with exasperating effectiveness.

The blending of colours in a Persian rug is not the right pattern for a stage-picture. Back of the footlights the eye demands large fields of clear colours carefully related to each other so that each one sets off and completes the other. That is one of the secrets of the new stagecraft. When mastered and co-ordinated with what we are beginning to know about proper lighting—as may be seen any night in "The Emperor Jones" at the Provincetown Players' Theatre—we have not only a means of pleasing the eye superlatively, but we have a means, too, of saving innumerable thousands of dollars that are now wasted on false and unattractive "realism," a waste which helps to keep the New York stage in the depressing gloom in which it is still found, and that in spite of a few streaks of dawn that are lighting up the theatrical horizon.

EDWIN BJÖRKMAN.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS.

SIRS: Your correspondent in the *Freeman* of 1 December seems highly wrought up about the way certain canny university officials are dealing with radical, or near-radical, student organizations. Truth to tell it is a loathsome thing to watch this benign and ineffably polite system of—shall we not say euthanasia? Your correspondent has a real grievance, just as we all have grievances against hypocrisy and bureaucratic smugery wherever it raises its head. But the question inevitably arises: what necessity is there for official sanction of student organizations? Can your correspondent point to a single advantage to be derived from faculty recognition? He says: "But the fact that the organization is still 'temporary' is the rock upon which the fond hopes of the organizers are dashed." But I find myself wondering whether the inertia and apathy of the student members are not more responsible for whatever disintegration may occur?

As far as Chicago University is concerned, official sanction has seemed to some of us at any rate a distinct disadvantage—it means, according to my scanty observation, small stuffy rooms, tyrannical janitors, an atmosphere if not of repression, at least of continual defiance of the powers that be lest they might repress. On the other hand, extra-mural organizations of students—admittedly "temporary"—have been able to flourish within earshot of the campus.

But what does your correspondent think our universities are for, if not for the protection of the young against the radical idea? Surely he must know that education is regarded as the one sure-fire weapon against bolshevism, and that to expect any university to forget this fact, even for one moment, is quite idle. It seems to me sufficiently gratifying that these extra-mural student organizations should be continually springing up, just beyond the reach of the academic authorities, and should attract to themselves, as recognized bodies could scarcely hope to do, elements whose interests and enthusiasms lie completely outside the university. Under the circumstances is it at all discouraging that "regular" organizations should feel the heavy, albeit gloved hand of the powers that be? I am, etc.,

Columbus, Ohio.

BERNARD RAYMUND.

MR. SINCLAIR AND HIS CRITICS.

SIRS: In the last issue of the *Freeman*, Mr. Grant Overton, in answer to Mr. Upton Sinclair's comment on his review of "The Brass Check" in *Life*, explains his criticism of the book. Mr. Edwin Björkman in your columns objected to Mr. Sinclair's lack of a sense of art in showing only one side of his case, and too much of that. There was no light, said Mr. Björkman, to relieve the utter blackness of the picture, and for that reason he found the book's artistic value greatly lessened. With this point of view Mr. Overton apparently agrees, which leads one to wonder whether it can be that the old shibboleth of "art for art's sake" is still with us, just when we imagined it to be vanishing away along with the other affectations of the Victorian era? Mr. Overton, however, differs somewhat from Mr. Björkman, inasmuch as he does not object to the blackness, but rather does not want it "weakened by doubtful smudges." The particular smudge which he points to seems a rather unfair example to take from a book offering so many more important incidents. Mr. Sinclair, in his rôle as a reviewer of the whole case against modern journalism, gives even less important incidents along with important ones, in order to complete the case in every detail, to give the whole truth. If a critic must single out one point in the book, why not in fairness, take an important point?

Thus in the case selected by Mr. Overton, it is not the fact that the name of a particular department-store in which a crime is committed is withheld by the newspapers that is objectionable, but that certain individuals or firms are protected (out of decency, perhaps, or for commercial reasons) while others distasteful to the press or to the system it defends are not protected; this is both objectionable and unjust. That this is done, is adequately proved by Mr. Sinclair in "The Brass Check," and no man, least of all a newspaper-man, can very well deny it. Mr. Overton seems to think that an honest newspaper-man can always draw the line between corruption and commercialism and that after it is drawn, all is well. What effect this "commercialism" will have on the formation of public opinion is evidently regarded as being of little consequence.

Since Mr. Overton so singularly misses the point of the joke which Mr. Sinclair so much appreciates, it seems rather need-

less to argue the subject here. When two people have no language in common, conversation becomes not only boring, but impossible. My object in writing thus is not to defend Mr. Sinclair's point of view, for he needs no defence, I merely wish to voice a disappointment that the *Freeman* did not give a more just and serious review of "The Brass Check." If the *Freeman* is really "not a magazine for liberals but for radicals," then why does it not support, or at least show fairness to those who are trying to put radical ideas into practice. I am, etc.,

New York City.

CATHERINE RUSSELL.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

SIRS: May I request the *Freeman* further to aid the cause of freedom by re-publishing the accompanying excerpt from the *London Nation* of 13 November.

November 3rd. A letter says: 'A young woman was shot at Kiltartan yesterday from a lorry of passing military; it sounds dreadful. They are very careless with guns.' No papers have come. The E— told me that it was M— Quinn's young wife who had been shot dead, with her child in her arms. . . .

November 5th. J—, who had been two nights at the wake-house, said the little children said: 'Mama's asleep!' 'You could take up the three little children together in your arms.' And there was another coming. G—, living on that road, has been complaining constantly, they have been firing constantly as they pass, his sick daughter can not sleep. The letter adds: 'The priest had never preached a better sermon before the war than he did on Sunday at Kiltartan, praising the young men of the parish for not having joined in any of the attacks in other parts on the policemen, and begging them to keep patience. The police came down the road in the evening and said that they were thankful to him.' And again: 'Monday was a Holy Day, All Saints Day. M— had gone to Gort. They were so happy they had just got in the harvest and had dug the potatoes and threshed the corn and were ready for the winter. She was out at the gate watching for him to come back. The lorries passed and shots were fired; the maid ran out and found her lying there. "Oh, I'm shot," she said. The whole place was splashed with blood like a butcher's shop. D, that went for the doctors, had pellets put in him. They fired at D's house as they passed and killed some fowls, and broke a window firing at C's house. She lived a few hours in terrible pain. She said to the priest that she had been shot by the police.'

The lorries had come from Galway, and, going back to Gort, had fired even in the street 'so that the houses shook.' 'An ambush? How could they be afraid of an ambush? Not a wood or any shelter near. A big open country like that!'

A neighbour who had seen the lorries pass, and heard the shots, said at the inquiry she could not tell what men were in the cars, but that the flag that was on them was the Union Jack. . . .

Please bear in the mind that the writer of this diary is an Englishman and a Protestant, resident in Ireland. This is not the first time that the hirelings of Mr. Lloyd George have slain Irish women; the "civilized Englishman" that commanded the murderers has doubtless been decorated by his master, and has, please God, been executed by the Republic. I am, etc.,

Humboldt, Tenn.

JOHN E. KELLY.

BIRTH-CONTROL.

SIRS: As your reviewer suggests in his account of Mrs. Sanger's book, "Woman and the New Race," advocates of birth-control must needs be optimists, if they are to have sufficient enthusiasm to keep on with their propaganda. It is difficult to correlate that propaganda, as it is now conducted, with any larger movement. The advocacy of contraception and the birth-control movement are of course two different things. They seem to be alike in this, however, that both are sailing over dark seas without pilot or compass. Contraception *per se*, by selecting the most fit for sterilization, is undoubtedly doing an immense amount of injury to the white race. Only as contraception is used as a means to further a juster social order can it be regarded as anything but dysgenic and destructive of civilization's higher values. It is almost certain that the motive for most of the contraception practised to-day is no other than selfish indulgence. There is no social motive behind it, no understanding of the social consequences of contraception, and an almost complete indifference to social well-being. That is in marked contrast, for instance, with the reasons Plato had for restricting population. His idea was to promote justice—to maintain the just state, the just society. Very little idealism can be found in the modern practice of contraception. Even those who advocate "voluntary parenthood" or "voluntary motherhood" do not seem impelled by regard for the good of the whole. It is always a class or section that is to be liberated—presumably to make possible their domination of the rest of us.

The whole "voluntary motherhood" argument is reduced to an absurdity because it disregards the rights of the father and of the child. If motherhood is to be purely "voluntary," why should not childhood also be voluntary? The child after all is most concerned. If asked beforehand, as according to

strictly "voluntary" principles it certainly ought to be asked, perhaps it would choose not to be born. But since advance information on this subject is impossible, the plea for "voluntary" this and that in connexion with human generation is seen to be just propaganda catch-wordism.

Unless the birth-control movement can connect itself with some far-reaching effort to bring about a thing very much akin to the Platonic Absolute Good, it will degenerate into an instrument which will play largely into the hands of the frivolous, the vicious, and the ruthless. Unless social vision, even religious vision, can be put behind the movement—not merely a "woman's rights" motive—it seems probable that in a comparatively short time as history runs hardly anybody will be left to propagate the white race but a horde of mental defectives. I am, etc.,

New York City. HERBERT J. FOSTER.

COURTS MARTIAL IN THE AMERICAN ARMY.

SIRS: The war sent more than five hundred military prisoners to the Federal Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas. All of these men were convicted by court martial and most of them served with military units that went overseas. After weeks or months spent in the abominable jails and guard-houses of the American army in France, these boys were brought back across the Atlantic ocean under heavy guard and confined in the army prisons at Fort Jay, New York; Leavenworth, Kansas; and Alcatraz Island, California, until these military prisons became so congested that it was found necessary to requisition accommodations in the Federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, which is under the authority of the Federal Department of Justice.

Into this grim establishment these soldiers were led, through a small door in the thirty-foot, red brick wall that surrounds the place, under sentences ranging from three or four years to life imprisonment, for all kinds of offences including nearly everything from petty thievery and false impersonation of an officer to murder. Many of the prisoners had merely earned the ill-will of some superior officer in France, sometimes because they knew unpleasant facts involving the officer's own delinquencies, and, because of the autocratic court-martial system, were made to feel the lash of the officer's displeasure. Most of them had received, because of the same system, altogether inadequate and perfunctory legal defence at their trials; indeed it is a fact that many had never even met the officer who had been assigned to defend them until the hour of their trial.

There has been no amnesty for soldier offenders in this country's armies and little public interest or agitation has been evinced in their injustices and sufferings. The War Department has set up various "boards of officers" from time to time and these boards have made unequal commutations of sentences, showing no thorough study of individual cases and no consistent policy. Thus, to my own knowledge, one offender has had his sentence reduced to five years while his companion, tried and convicted by the same court for the same offence, at the same time, has received no commutation at all. This has happened over and over again. The War Department, unless powerful personal influence is exerted, remains impervious to all appeals. Worst of all, the arbitrary and feudalistic court-martial system in the American army, contrary to what is generally taken for granted, has not been reformed in its most essential and insidious evil, i.e., that it embodies the theory and provides the relentless machinery for the execution of *military discipline* and the untrammelled will of the commander, high or low, as fundamentally opposed to the theory and practice of *justice to the accused* which is the aim of the civil law throughout the civilized world. I am, etc.,

Katonah, N. Y. BRENT DOW ALLINSON.

BOOKS.

DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT.

INTELLECTUALLY speaking, M. Henri Bergson has never recovered from the quiet, merciless exposition of his philosophy which Professor Santayana included in a book of essays called "Winds of Doctrine." The genuine terror before science of the author of "L'Évolution Créatrice," his horror of the mind as a kind of sorcerer or witch, his "brilliant attempt to confuse the lessons of experience by refining upon its texture," his flattery of the irrational and impulsive temper of the times, his mystical verbalism—all are revealed by Professor Santayana with a critical perception, a subtle

humour, and a stylistic charm that have been the envy, as they have been the despair, of more plodding and technical philosophers. For none have written before—and few perhaps will write again—of metaphysical problems with the worldly shrewdness, the rather Roman touch of austere detachment, the æsthetic graciousness, the verbal felicity, the non-technical aptness of phrase, in brief, with the distinction that has been Mr. Santayana's constant quality, even when he has discussed the more abstruse concepts of Mr. Bertrand Russell. Others, especially James, have written with more vigour and human passion; many have contrived to adumbrate, as it were, more logical symphonies—the parts fitting in and woven together to an irresistible (and usually absurd) conclusion—more perfect systematic mosaics. But none, from a purely literary point of view, have come even to the point where comparisons are applicable.

In his most recent volume, "Character and Opinion in the United States,"¹ Professor Santayana has written what one is inclined to believe will become the classic essays on William James and Josiah Royce. Not merely are the incisive critical perception and penetration as alertly in action here as in his essay on M. Bergson, but colouring and moulding the purely rationalistic considerations is a certain kindness, the warmth and understanding of personal acquaintance and liking, which in all probability Professor Santayana could not have felt towards the French theorist, even if he had had the opportunity for academic intimacy. Thus Professor Santayana has here accomplished what biographical essayists usually aspire to and very rarely achieve—critical estimates that are, at the same time, most engaging and revealing personal portraits. As far as these two men are concerned, his title is apt: he gives us both their character and their opinions. But he does not do so separately or alternately; he gives them conjointly, in their subtle interaction and relationship, yet always—as might be expected of him—with more causative emphasis, so to speak, on their character and instinctive temperament than upon any of their theories. At all times would he be reluctant to attribute directive force to belief or mere cognition in itself; that would seem to him, I think, vanity or animal illusion.

Possibly Mr. Santayana's literary charm and persuasiveness, especially in this volume of essays and in "Winds of Doctrine" and in his more fugitive articles for the magazines, have been somewhat disarming to his lay critics. Certainly his failure to write systematic treatises (for in "The Life of Reason" he refused to be systematic), in the accepted manner of flat, pedagogical exposition, duly ticketed and paragraph-marked and underscored, has disconcerted the technical philosophers. At all events, the intrinsic substance of his own beliefs has been comparatively neglected. This is somewhat unfortunate, yet in a sense understandable. In the first place, "The Life of Reason" and "The Sense of Beauty" are, after all is said and done, glorious failures—they demanded that Mr. Santayana should play a rôle false to himself. He was expected by the professionals to be systematic and to employ the jargon of the schools. Temperamentally, Mr. Santayana was all incapable of living up to either of these expectations, a disability entirely creditable in itself. Nevertheless it alienated the philosophers from him; he hardly seemed to be playing their game according to the rules. On the other hand, the general reading public found the substance of these books to be much too strong as intellectual meat—and

¹ "Character and Opinion in the United States." George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

there was the further misfortune that his style is least attractive in these volumes. It suffers, I think, from his own inner conflict between the strong instinctive wish to be conversational and to write with the ease of a man of the world and the equally strong compulsion to be meticulous, orderly, and professional. He could hardly be both, and he did not succeed in being completely either.

The fact is, Mr. Santayana is much more the incomparable essayist than the precise dialectician. This is true even when he is most scrupulously logical—and that he always is. He is primarily a critic; he is at his stylistic best when he is most critical. Now the misfortune of critics, especially when they are as pungent and effective as Mr. Santayana, naturally is that their own beliefs and ideas are somewhat put in the shade. When a writer is a cogent analyser of false notions, the reader somehow imputes to him correct notions, yet without stopping further to inquire what those notions consist of. Suddenly to be asked what the particular notions of the critic himself are, often proves embarrassing. Further, in Mr. Santayana's case it is a fact that it is extraordinarily difficult to pierce to the heart of his own beliefs. The writer of this review studied under him—how captivating and delightful were those witty, subtle lectures!—and has read with perhaps more than the layman's care many of his books. Yet, if I were asked offhand to describe his philosophy, I should feel rather presumptuous (as I most certainly would feel that I might be quite wrong) if I were to try to sum it up in one of the conventional words—materialist, naturalist, mechanist, pragmatist, or the like. Any word would need qualifying adjectives, and any phrase would need a certain aura of modifying sentences. No, the essence of his cluster of beliefs Mr. Santayana does not give us by direct exposition. It comes to us indirectly, by innuendo and suggestion. We have to search carefully through all the implications of the seemingly most innocent declaration. His ideas are a kind of emanation. They are a bias, but a consistent bias—which is perhaps the truest philosophy of all.

Yet it is important for one to try to understand that bias and direction of his thought in order to appreciate the setting and framework of the two books which are the crown of his work, "Winds of Doctrine" and the present volume. No misunderstanding, for example, could well be more grotesque than that which attributes to him a liking for withdrawal from the world, a little desire to be *au-dessus de la mêlée*, although I have often heard this criticism made of him, even by his own students. To be sure, Mr. Santayana did not become an official Government propagandist, like M. Bergson, during the war, and in spite of his sympathies, seldom wrote on journalistically immediate issues. But this was due far less to superciliousness than to a basic sanity. Even the tumult of war could hardly shake his interest from things permanent and important to things transient and trivial. Far from being the charming skulker in his own intellectual tower of ivory, Mr. Santayana is the shrewdest and most worldly-wise of men. His whole bias, it seems to me, is distinctly for the instinctive beliefs of the common man rather than for the adroit fantasies of his so-called mental superiors. Certainly he never tires of exposing the trickeries of dialectics; and throughout "The Life of Reason" there are many cutting little gibes at the ease with which technicians fall into verbal mare's-nests of their own making. His constant battle against mere verbalism and the hypostasis of words was as keen and vigorous as any ever waged by the pragmatists or neo-realists.

With the common man, Mr. Santayana believes in the cardinal fact of nature; that it is a material fact, not to be washed away by idealism (and then restored by an act of God or by a generous integrating Principle of Rationality) or lost in the mists of solipsism, and that, further, the more nature is objectively studied and observed, the more it reveals a mechanistic order. Also with the common man, he believes in the cardinal fact of mind; that cogitation is a mental fact, to be observed and studied, in the same manner that the world of nature is observed and studied, that is to say, rationally. Whence would arise the conviction that animal illusion plays an unwonted part in the intellectual life of man, and the belief that irrationality of action is the common rule. But the rarity and comparative impotence of the life of reason would not detract from its desirability as a way of life nor from its value as a discipline. The difficulties inherent in it would not lead to its romantic abandonment but rather to a humble sense of human limitation. At all events, one should be equally on one's guard from the crasser materialist, who reduces the life of reason to a mere cross-section of the objects of knowledge, and from the impulsive idealist, who reduces the order of nature to the shadowy categories of his own thought. I realize this has a suspiciously epiphenomenalistic sound—but is not the common man instinctively an epiphenomenalist?

Consider the implications of this passage:

The so-called appearances, according to a perfected criticism of knowledge, are nothing private or internal; they are merely those portions of external objects which from time to time impress themselves on somebody's organs of sense and are responded to by his nervous system. Such is the doctrine of the new American realists, in whose devoted persons the logic of idealism has worked itself out and appropriately turned idealism itself into its opposite. Consciousness, they began by saying, is merely a stream of ideas; but then ideas are merely the parts of objects which happen to appear to a given person; but again, a person (for all you or he can discover) is nothing but his body and those parts of other objects which appear to him; and, finally, to appear, in any discoverable sense, can not be to have a ghostly sort of mental existence, but merely to be reacted upon by an animal body. Thus we come to the conclusion that objects alone exist, and that consciousness is a name for certain segments or groups of these objects.

This turns the tables on the realists very neatly; yet with characteristic insight and wit Mr. Santayana is not content to stop here. He is not interested solely in the technical side of the argument. He must show the human background, the temperamental compulsions. So he goes on:

I think we may conjecture why this startling conclusion that consciousness does not exist, a conclusion suggested somewhat hurriedly by William James, has found a considerable echo in America, and why the system of Avenarius, which makes in the same direction, has been studied there sympathetically. To deny consciousness is to deny a prerequisite to the obvious, and to leave the obvious standing alone. That is a relief to an over-taxed and self-impeded generation; it seems a blessed simplification. It gets rid of the undemocratic notion that by being very reflective, circumspect, and subtle you might discover something that most people do not see. They can go on more merrily with their work if they believe that by being so subtle, circumspect, and reflective you would only discover a mare's-nest. The elimination of consciousness not only restores the obvious, but proves all parts of the obvious to be equally real. Not only colours, beauties, and passions, but all things formerly suspected of being creatures of thought, such as laws, relations, and abstract qualities, now become components of the existing object, since there is no longer any mental vehicle by which they might have been created and interposed. The young American is thus reassured: his joy in living and learning is no longer chilled by the contempt which idealism used to cast on nature for being imaginary and on science for being intellectual. All fictions and all abstractions are now declared to be parcels of the objective world;

it will suffice to live on, to live forward, in order to see everything as it really is.

Really, could any criticism of the spirit of later American philosophy be more penetrating and luminous? For example, in a very able review of Professor John Dewey's most recent book, "Reconstruction In Philosophy," the critic refers to how "in the sciences there is now scope for change and progress without ascertainable limit." This was exciting news, but I found myself asking what the progress was towards; what was the test of true growth? And sure enough, a little further on came this sentence: "The test of growth or discovery is more growth, more discovery." Growth without end, growth everlasting—yet somehow growth without meaning, just vegetative expansion. After all, growth must be with reference to some end—what humanistic meaning is to be derived from the statement that the end of growth is contained in the growth itself? One can not escape values and standards no matter how merrily one plunges into the whirl of experience; and how subtly Mr. Santayana has anticipated and explicated this development of American theory!

Consequently we find our author bringing to his examination of American philosophers and of the intellectual temper of the country, not a system by which they can be measured in terms of truth and error, but rather a standard of values by which they can be appraised in terms of human desirability. The bias of this approach we might expect from previous writings: he will appraise them from a point of view fundamentally Greek, i. e., he will seek in their temperament and unguarded utterances for evidences that they are Protestant, romantic, rather capricious and amusingly wayward—in brief, somewhat barbarous. As a matter of fact, he will not have to search long or far for confirmations of this hypothesis. It is not difficult for Mr. Santayana to find in Josiah Royce, heir to the Calvinistic tradition, tortured by the sense of sin and evil in the world yet impelled by his own nature to take sides morally to the confusion of his logic (as in the case of the sinking of the "Lusitania") which showed "all lives were parts of a single divine life in which all problems were solved and all evils justified,"—to find in this philosopher who, "although he was born in California . . . had never got used to the sunshine," a resemblance to "some great-hearted mediæval peasant visited by mystical promptings, whom the monks should have adopted and allowed to browse among their theological folios; a Duns Scotus, earnest and studious to a fault, not having the lightness of soul to despise these elaborate sophistries, yet minded to ferret out their secret for himself and walk by his inward light." Increase the number of your kettle-drums, tune up your brasses, and behold, you have Mr. H. L. Mencken exposing the *naïveté* of some confused but earnest yearner and author of a new religion living in Centreville, Ohio!

Equally sophisticated, much more beautiful in style, but with a greater respect and a more unfeigned admiration is Mr. Santayana's exquisite essay on James. Here, too, of course, he finds, for all its greatness, a mind essentially anarchistic, capricious, and romantic, a mystic in love with life. "He was comparable to Rousseau and to Walt Whitman; he expressed a generous and tender sensibility, rebelling against sophistication, and preferring daily sights and sounds, and a vague but indomitable faith in fortune, to any unsettled intellectual tradition calling itself science or philosophy." And finally, in his discussion of the academic environment at Harvard of the days of Royce and James—

it represented faithfully the complex inspiration of the place and hour. As the university was a local Puritan college opening its windows to the scientific world, so at least the two most gifted of its philosophers were men of intense feeling, religious and romantic, but attentive to the facts of nature and the currents of worldly opinion; and each of them felt himself bound by two different responsibilities, that of describing things as they are, and that of finding them propitious to certain pre-conceived human desires.

In other words, the dice of thought were loaded.

Now, if such are Mr. Santayana's reservations respecting our two admittedly greatest thinkers since the Civil War, what must be his judgment on the *milieu* from which they sprang? What must he think of America?

On the whole, his answer to these questions is an extraordinarily kindly one. He prefers not to mention our intolerance, our hard regimentation, our paucity of deep feeling. He speaks even glowingly of our good-will (a genuine misunderstanding on his part, I believe) and our capacity for co-operation, albeit with a communal compulsion about it which seems to make him slightly shudder. But when he is most perceptive, he gives his generalizations amiably rather than scornfully. He can find our child-like pioneer optimism congruous with the nature of things in a still not fully filled-up land. Inevitably he finds us romantic, passionate, active, traditionless, crude. We are, in a word, children; and over and over again, even in his kindest moments (for children have their natural charm), we can catch the accent of the sophisticated and cultivated man who finds himself homeless and alien:

To be poor in order to be simple, to produce less in order that the product may be more choice and beautiful, and may leave us less burdened with unnecessary duties and useless possessions—that is an ideal not articulate in the American mind. . . . As self-trust may pass into self-sufficiency, so optimism, kindness and good-will may grow into a habit of doting on everything. To the good American many subjects are sacred: sex is sacred, women are sacred, children are sacred, business is sacred, America is sacred, Masonic lodges and college clubs are sacred. . . . The luckless American who is drawn to poetic subtlety, pious retreats, or gay passions, nevertheless has the categorical excellence of work, growth, enterprise, reform and prosperity dinned into his ears: every door is open in this direction and shut in the other. . . . Material restlessness was not yet ominous, the pressure of business enterprise was not yet out of scale with the old life or out of key with the old moral harmonies. A new type of American had not appeared—the untrained, pushing, cosmopolitan orphan, cock-sure in manner but none too sure in his morality, to whom the old Yankee, with his sour integrity, is almost a foreigner.

We must not forget—as the author never does—that Mr. Santayana left America in 1912, when we were still young, still in the national awkward-age. The American's views, he writes in one of the later chapters, "are not yet lengthened; his will is not yet broken or transformed. The present moment, however, in this, as in other things, may mark a great change in him; he is perhaps now reaching his majority, and all I say may hardly apply to-day, and may not at all apply to-morrow." Without intending to be sour or disgruntled, it is perhaps easier for us to see the author's reason for being so especially kindly (as he is, on the whole, in spite of the quiet irony revealed in these quotations). After all, distance lends enchantment, and Mr. Santayana does not have to come back to us. But the chief point is that the America of to-day is not the America of 1912; we have changed more in these last eight years than in the four decades before. Almost invariably we have changed for the worse; the war brought out our worse qualities and seems to have fixed them definitely. In 1912 it was possible and proper to hope that tares or more propitious seed might grow up in so generous a soil as ours; it was courteous of Mr. Santayana to suggest that the latter

was the more likely to grow. In truth, however, only tares have grown up. When we think of 1912—with freedom of speech something of a reality, with no such unholy alliance between commerce and the university as that of to-day, with no thought of war or of its spiritual by-products, with belief in progress and international peace, with personal liberty assured, with intolerance impotent instead of dominant, with freedom of communication—it seems almost like a dream of an America that has gone. England, where Mr. Santayana has spent most of his time since leaving us, has perhaps suffered more in a material way than we have, but it has not had to bear such enormous spiritual casualties. In fact, we *have* grown up—but too rapidly; it has been a forced growth, bringing with it the twisted, distorted sides of our nature. In a sense, we had two paths to choose in 1912; to-day the choice has been made.

To be sure, it was not wholly of our own choosing, and Europe, along with the rest of the world, will regret the selection we have made. Our author was not altogether content or happy when he was living here in the old days. Would he be any less so if he came back to-day? Let us hope he can not be persuaded to do it. Perhaps, through the pathos of distance, there may remain some to write of us in a friendly spirit, remembering, before they were broken or scarred, our youth and our promise.

HAROLD STEARNS.

VANITAS VANITATUM.

At a time of social instabilities and experiments, of analyses and restless searchings for the meaning of life on the part of nations and individuals, it is natural that Leonid Andreyev's last work, "Satan's Diary,"¹ should have followed the cynical philosophical traditions of those plays which have made him one of the leaders of contemporary Russian literature. Beginning as a realist, looking at the gloomier side of things, he soon sought deeper and truer interpretations in symbolism, reaching out in imagination over the border of the finite world in "The Life of Man," and bringing the supernatural into direct relations with the human world in "Anathema." Always somewhat despondent as to the possibilities of human happiness, in "Satan's Diary" he gives expression to a bitterness and despair as black and unmitigated by a single ray of hope or kindness as were the last days of his life as a refugee in Finland, where he died in 1919, broken by the fortunes of war and revolution, and deprived of every tangible vestige of his former success.

The theme of "Satan's Diary" follows rather closely that of "Anathema," in which the Devil figures as adviser to the rich Jew, David Leiser, in his schemes to reform the world, and mocks him upon their failure. In the later symbolic novel Satan plays the leading part, taking the human form of a rather simple and likable American billionaire, Henry Wondergood, and setting out in the world to amuse himself by playing the game of benefiting humanity with his wealth. Andreyev's biting irony spares nothing with which he or the characters of his story come in contact, baring fraud and hypocrisy everywhere with a fearlessness equaled only by Anatole France in "Penguin Island." Like M. France he holds up the Church and its worldly dignitaries to ridicule, but keeps all the while a definite belief in some unattainable Divine Truth behind the human muddling and misinterpretation and selfishness. Many of these ideas are brought out in long, rambling conversations between Wondergood-Satan and the cynical hermit, Magnus, dealing in the characteristic Russian manner with the purely abstract phases of life, and tending to mystify rather than clarify. At other times the satire is quick and amusing in its unexpected turns of keen humour.

¹"Satan's Diary." Leonid Andreyev. New York: Boni and Liveright.

Sometimes Andreyev shows a gentler side, one might almost say a romantic strain, in the idealistic expression of Wondergood's love for Maria, in lovely glimpses of the Roman Campagna and of the garden of the Palazzo Orsini by moonlight. These passages of true lyric beauty reveal the poet behind the analyst and critic of society, and seem to indicate a struggle between his imagination, which goes on dreaming dreams and seeing the beauties of life, and his disillusioned intellect, which tells him that all is vanity. But from the first disillusionment that shakes Wondergood's faith in humanity Andreyev develops consistently and with a deep consciousness of fatalism the idea of the futility of all hopes for human happiness, or of a clear understanding of the problems of the world.

LUCIE R. SAYLER.

VICTORIAN INTIMACIES.

HAVING abolished Puritan taboos and set up twentieth century ones in their place, and having outgrown Victorian inhibitions and invented new ones better suited to our present fears, we are inclined to forget that even the most outmoded of customs once filled a useful rôle. It is all very well to go about pointing with pride to the impressive scrap-heap that we have made of our former shackles, but we ought occasionally to remember that scrap-heaps are merely good metal grown rusty. Of all the writers who reflect the Victorian era, none serves better than Henry James to remind us of this fact. Not that he makes us sorry for what has been discarded, by insisting upon the charm of cast-off customs, but that he has such a quiet, delicate way of disclosing their utility in relation to their time.

Take, as an example, the relationship of the chaperon—a peculiarly Victorian instrument of propriety, now increasingly disused. No doubt it is altogether too formal and artificial for this age; yet how subtly and in how many adjustments it entered into the tales of Henry James. While it is our emancipated privilege to look back upon the chaperon as an antiquated being—the relic of a leisurely and less self-reliant civilization—there is no denying that James employed the relationship of confidant and travelling companion, or the subordinate offices of tutor and governess, as the medium for some of his finest effects. These delicate personal adjustments have succumbed to rapid transit and institutionalized education. To-day the most fascinating of her sex needs no travelling companion save a time-table, while the dean of women in our colleges is wellnigh the sole remaining vestige of chaperonage in modern education. Not only in his novels, however, but in many of his short stories as well, James resorts to this device as a sort of emotional fulcrum, so to speak, for his theme. "Master Eustace,"² which includes a number of tales gathered into book form for the first time in this country, reveals several examples. "Longstaff's Marriage," a story pre-eminently in the James mood, makes use of the travelling companion in a delightful manner. The relationship gives a point of rest at once intimate and detached, and thereby brings each successive step in the unfolding of the story into sharper relief. Similarly, in the opening story, "Master Eustace," the companion is made the narrator, and James makes the reader see and feel with her, even though she stands in the background throughout. In another guise, the same thing is discoverable in "A Light Man," in some respects the best of the tales included in this volume.

Chaperonage gives rise to intricate and sometimes baffling human relationships, and it was these which James delighted to trace. The fact that they no longer play an important part testifies to the passing of a civilization which, for all its hot-house irritations, was not without its rare flowering in grace and refinement. It is not to be imagined, however, that because the stories in this collection are primarily concerned with the interplay of character they are slow-moving narratives, with a tendency to be diffuse. On the contrary, they are well-knit

²"Master Eustace." Henry James. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

and direct in conception, and executed with richness, deftness in phrase and mood, and a quiet but keen wit. Aside from the welcome which they are assured from James devotees, they were well worth retrieving for their own sake from the limbo of the magazine files.

LISLE BELL.

SHORTER NOTICES.

A TRAINED faculty for observation, together with the ability to recreate its findings in a terse, unadorned narrative which bites into reality—that is the outstanding merit of "Combed Out," a record of experiences in the British Army during the war which should take a forward place in that growing list of books which are steadily destroying the *ignis fatuus* of military glory. The writer, a newspaperman, now the Berlin correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, has seen army life not from above, but from below, and he transcribes his experiences without recourse to rhetoric, but with a deliberate, minute skill. Nothing is omitted and nothing added for the sake of effect. As a study of "the demoralizing influence of authority" and the brutalizing power of war, "Combed Out" is powerful, without being unrestrained.

L. B.

At their best there is nothing more charming than the jottings which are often used as a kind of personal background in many English and American weekly journals. They can be so free in their range, penetrating rather than expansive, full of a sense of leisure and including all sorts of pleasant minor observations. But somehow the sense of leisure in Mr. J. C. Squire's "Books in General," a collection of essays reprinted from "The New Statesman," is not richly filled; the notations are too fluent; the writing lacks spring, and more often than not it lacks the effect of enjoyment. Such an enlivening subject as that of a proposed anthology of British invective is handled in a sketch which abstractly refers to possibilities but brings none of them forward; the result is both dry and tantalizing. Mr. Squire, in these pages, handles all sorts of inviting themes: "Commonplace-books," "Cole-ridge at Table," "Mr. H. G. Wells and Lord Tennyson," "Mr. Lloyd George as a *Vers Librist*." Scarcely one of his papers can be read without expectancy. But the promise is seldom fulfilled. Mr. Squire disclaims responsibility for collecting his papers and says that he will have done all that he hoped to do if he has produced a book which can be used for ten minutes' bed-time reading.

C. M. R.

IN "Interpreters," one feels that Mr. Carl Van Vechten has not always taken pains to segregate his interpretative judgments based on public performance from his emotional reactions based on personal intimacy. His new book, a revised issue of the first half of "Interpreters and Interpretations," contains critical estimates of the work of Fremstad, Farrar, Garden, Mazarin, Chaliapin, Nijinsky, and Yvette Guilbert. Mr. Van Vechten believes that a critic "can learn more in a five-minute conversation with a great orchestral conductor, a great singer, or a great instrumentalist than he can in all other ways combined." But an artist's conversation may not always be taken at its face value in the task of criticism; it requires interpretation in the light of the artist's performance. The critic who attempts to interpret artists to the public, without at the same time interpreting artists to themselves, can give his readers only a sketchy impression at best; his work will never stand as an enduring illumination of the subject. Mr. Van Vechten pursues a pleasant, winding path among the artists, and while no one will want to blame him for finding it so pleasant, many will wish that he would seek more diligently to discover why it winds—and whither.

L. B.

MRS. BLATCH states in the preface to her new book, "A Woman's Point of View" that she went to Europe sufficiently impressed by the propaganda of the war-idealists to have hoped for some constructive results from the conflict. She has returned pessimistic and disillusioned. With rare intellectual integrity she has not blinked the fact that everywhere life has suffered an incalculable reverse. Her book is a plea for renewed efforts against all war. Yet, despite the clarity with which Mrs. Blatch analyses the world's ruin, her proposed roads to a lasting peace strike one as circuitous if not at times entirely out of the way. She looks hopefully upon the fact that women have gained the vote, surely a

dubious privilege in a world too sunken for merely political remedies. She places her faith in the protective instincts of women, in the reorganization of education, in changing the status of labour, and in giving greater validity to constructive thought and policy in the functioning of government. But these reforms, however beneficent they may be in themselves, are not directly related to the dynamic causes of war; they are but the subsidiary results of the very economic conditions which determine wars. The recent conflict has made it apparent—though not, it would seem, to Mrs. Blatch—that war is to be eliminated neither by more militarism, nor yet, by more pacifism but only through the final defeat of organized privilege the world over.

R. S.

MANDATES may be something of an advance on protectorates, since they recognize, in theory at least, an international responsibility, but in effect their application to Asiatic Turkey means British and French domination. Is there not a better way? There is, says Professor Morris Jastrow in his new volume, "The Eastern Question and Its Solution," and that is a system of international mandates of which he suggests nine—for Constantinople, Asia Minor, Armenia, Georgia, Azerbaijan, Syria, Palestine, Mesopotamia and Arabia. The suggestion is probably as sound a one as could be found for the definite regulation of the Near Eastern question. It has many advantages, chief among which is that, in such a scheme, America would have no reason for refusing to participate. As a result of the existing arrangements, Asiatic Turkey has become what European Turkey was, a playground for the old diplomacy and a future source of international rivalry, if not of war. The fact that Professor Jastrow's scheme has not been adopted does not in the least detract from its merits, in these days of flux and change; and a book like his is well worth while, if it helps to educate public opinion in this country on a question that involves us all, whether we like it or not.

C. R. H.

To those few Americans who have followed the political progress of the Northwestern farmers, Mr. Charles Edward Russell's "Story of the Non-partisan League" will be a valuable weapon for the enlightenment of their still ignorant friends. The vast army of their compatriots, however, whose minds are moulded daily by their favourite metropolitan purveyor of "all the news that's fit to print," will find this vivid and sympathetic treatment of the League's struggle against privilege a shocking, if not an incredible, overturn of all their pet beliefs. Yet Mr. Russell tells nothing more than a straightforward tale of "how the farmer raised the wheat and other men took the profit; other men who never turned a sod, nor held a plow, nor forwarded a bushel of the wheat. . . ." With convincing and cumulative effect, Mr. Russell shows how the American farmer loses all along the line: when he borrows money at exorbitant rates; when he sells his grain, under cost, on grades of quality fixed in his disfavour by middlemen, regardless of its actual value to the miller; when payment to him is docked for impurities in his grain that do not exist; when his wheat is hawked from one sham corporation to another and brokerage is charged on each transaction; when it is sent to a "mixing-house" to be doctored and hocused and then sold at a higher grade than that at which it was bought; when it is hauled by railways so waterlogged in their capital that freight-rates are ruinously high; and when, finally, he finds the press leagued with the banking, milling, rail- and elevator-interests against him whenever he has tried to better his case. Furthermore, Mr. Russell reveals the amazing fact that, though the great grain-buying centre of the Northwest, the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce, in 1916 traded in wheat to the extent of ten billion bushels, only three hundred million bushels were received in actual grain. The remaining vast surplus of the "sales"—over nine billion bushels—was simply trading in futures, or, more frankly, pure gambling in phantom wheat, the profits of which had largely to be borne by the consumer of bread. But in the end the rapacity of the privileged interests overreached itself. Contrary to all the forecasts of political wiseacres, the farmers in North Dakota united in self-defence, and have stayed united. How the forces of privilege placed every conceivable obstacle in the way of the popular legislative will; how false and biased news of the League flooded the American press; how the League rose victorious over all these difficulties and legislated for the needed reforms; these and many other important phases of the great conflict are fully dealt with in Mr. Russell's admirable book.

W. H. C.

¹"Combed Out." F. A. V. London: The Swarthmore Press.

²"Books in General: Second Series." J. C. Squire. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

³"Interpreters." Carl Van Vechten. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

⁴"A Woman's Point of View." Harriet Stanton Blatch. New York: The Womens Press.

¹"The Eastern Question and Its Solution." Morris Jastrow, jun. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

²"The Story of the Non-partisan League." Charles Edward Russell. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A REVIEWER'S NOTE-BOOK.

OF the plight of the idealist in our modern world no one has written more sensitively than the charming Irish essayist John Eglinton. His "Two Essays on the Remnant," published a quarter of a century ago, has remained as obscure as its author perhaps wished it to remain; I have seen but one copy of the little book in this country. Yet few comments on modern society are more poignant than his. What could be better than his test of a civilization?—"whether in assisting it the individual is astride of his proper instincts." As for the idealists, he says, unemployed by the civilization we know, they are tolerated only when they minister to "alien interests"; and so he urges them to go apart from society into the wilderness, where they may keep their inspiration fresh and their faculties in tune till the day comes when the State has need of them.

It is an old idea, as we see, as old as Isaiah's remnant, as old as Plato's remnant, whom he compared to "a man who has fallen among wild beasts; he will not be one of them, but he is too unaided to make head against them; and before he can do any good to society or his friends, he will be overwhelmed and perish uselessly." Plato, too, says that, considering his plight, this man will "resolve to keep still, and to mind his own business; as it were standing aside under a wall in a storm of dust and hurricane of driving wind." Matthew Arnold, we recall, in his lecture on "Numbers," applied the notion to the situation of this country, pointing out the need of just such a remnant, or "tribe of idealists," in John Eglinton's phrase, to preserve the values which the majority overlooks. Whether we accept the terms of Arnold's application or not, and it is doubtful if many in our generation will or can—for it is hardly possible to think of "elevation" as the thing America chiefly needs, among so many needs; at least we must feel that the notion has for us a peculiar validity. Without such a remnant, such a tribe, such a class we can hardly hope for an art or a literature or a body of thought worthy of this country if it ever comes to desire them.

THE true character of this remnant is suggested in the following words, in which M. Julien Benda deploras what he calls their secularization in France and the secularization of literature and thought that has resulted from it. "Men of letters," he says, "descend every day, for reasons which are beyond their control, from the condition of clerics to that of the laity. More and more they are coming to know the cares of a household, and of a double household, and of the head of a family, and the preoccupations about money for the necessities and luxuries even, which their worldly condition increasingly demands. . . . But the gravest thing is that this intenser claim of life has spread to the philosophers. . . . Philosophy, also, to be well served requires celibacy of her priests." That has been a truism in all the great ages: "Leave all and follow me" has been the motto not only of every religion but of all the arts as well; and as it is only outside of society, of the "world," with its entanglements and its obligations, that men collect themselves and become themselves, the secularization of the arts means nothing less than their eclipse. That is what we have witnessed in America. The repudiation of the inner law has resulted in what we know as the externalization of our culture.

EMERSON, of course, understood that law and lived by it; he knew well that the cause of the "rooted capitalists," as he called them, was not his cause, that his was an actual priesthood. Thoreau also knew it, and the exodus from society of the Brook Farmers was a logical attempt to legitimize their position. For sixty years after that, scarcely a case is recorded in our history, save Whitman's, of the creative instinct in full possession of a man's life. It would have seemed fantastic to Mark Twain not to write to "sell," although his conscience was always girding at him; he recognized every claim as equalling in legitimacy

the claim of his gift. And even Henry James, monk of letters as he almost was, and with money enough into the bargain, never outlived the true Yankee desire for the corroboration of a material success. The citizen, the business man, the householder, engulfed all the rest, and it is only in the last decade that we have seen men willingly turn their backs, in the name of an intellectual conviction alone, upon all the obvious prizes and prefer deprivation of every other kind to the forgoing of their proper will-to-power. To refuse to serve "alien interests" is of itself a going forth into the wilderness, it is the recognition of one's order; and the step between recognizing one's order and accepting its discipline should not prove to be a long one.

It is not in the name of any authority, of any absolute, that one speaks of writers and thinkers as properly forming a priesthood. Nothing could be more pragmatic. The great men, the Michelangelos, the Leonardos, the Spinozas, the Rembrandts, in advocating and practising solitude, abstinence, strenuous labour, in ignoring the claims of custom, have been simply the efficient captains of their type; and if they have convinced themselves that theirs was a higher sanction than any society offered, at least it can be said that men in general have ratified their conviction. The creative life, indeed, is the religious life; its whole phraseology is that of religion, and Wordsworth's lines:

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting or spending, we lay waste our powers

is as applicable to the painter who has lost the "innocence of the eye" or the writer who has lost his impulse as it is to any devotee who has compromised his hope of salvation. Those are among the secrets our dissenting intellectuals will have to learn if, having broken their ties with society and repudiated their obligations as citizens, they are going to take the second step and become something more than mere outlaws.

WHAT inhibits them now is a morbid fear of priggishness. There we have a true Anglo-Saxon term, which brings us back to the code of the schoolboy whenever we stray too far. Perhaps our dissenting intellectuals are not as remote from the atmosphere of the Kiplings and the Roosevelts as they like to imagine! Schopenhauer and Wordsworth were prigs: it was a pity, I grant; one likes to think of great men as mellow and ruddy; but what does it matter, after all? What a prig Jesus Christ must have seemed in the eyes of Pilate! What our dissenting intellectuals like to feel is that they are naughty boys and girls, and that is what they mostly are; they are in rebellion against good old America, but they really mean nothing viciously independent by it. Let them break two or three of the bluest and most conspicuous commandments and they are quite willing to accept all the other standards of our ant-like modern world. Unfortunately, a "free life" has nothing to do with art: art begins where freedom leaves off. And although freedom is the basis of it, the structure of the creative life itself strangely resembles, in its constituent elements, the structure of the moral life. Patience and conscience, Rodin said, are its two pillars; and our American intellectuals would rather spite their own faces than behave like Philistines. But as long as they continue, in their infantility, to pay even such back-handed tributes to custom they will remain shuffling in the vestibule of society and the true wilderness will have known them not.

THE REVIEWER recommends the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"Reminiscences of Tolstoy," by Maxim Gorky. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

"Diaries of Court Ladies of Old Japan," translated by Annie Shepley Omori and Kochi Doi. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Bolshevism: Theory and Practice," by Bertrand Russell. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

“Stiff reading.”

“YES” they sometimes tell us, “it’s a good paper, but it’s mighty stiff reading.”

And we don’t deny it. We murmur something about the only kind of fish that can swim up-stream, and point to the letters of thanks from readers who thank us for providing something on which to sharpen their mental teeth.

Here is a characteristic comment from a man (Olean, N. Y.), to whose mind the FREEMAN is a welcome challenge:

“The FREEMAN has become a necessity to me. Without exaggeration, it is like a crystal spring among the stagnant pools. I have a friend, by the way, who purchased a seven-dollar dictionary, solely for the purpose of deciphering the articles on art—he called them ‘high-brow,’ but couldn’t bear to miss a word. For him, it’s a ‘short-cut to culture’—and I admit that there are times when I am in strange water too—many times.”

Well, we have set one man to consulting a dictionary and another to exploring strange waters. These are achievements!

After all, there are enough periodicals in America for the people who want pre-digested thinking, who are ready to sneeze when some editor takes snuff. If we were to adapt the FREEMAN to the lowest common denominator its reason for existence would disappear. If the paper fails in stimulating readers to think for themselves—even to the point of occasional disagreement with its utterances—its purpose is not attained.

That the FREEMAN *does* animate gray matter is made manifest to us daily. Here, for example, is part of a letter from a cultured Chicago woman:

“I enclose a check for \$10.00 for the renewal of my subscription and one to be sent to the . . . Club Library. The publication of the FREEMAN seems to me an epoch in the literary life of America—there is nothing else that combines insight and vision, cool understanding, honesty of mind with the humour of observation and imagination—and the finest quality of expression to compare with the FREEMAN—the things we have so sorely needed in America. It is without doubt the most clear sighted and stimulating influence that I know of at present.”

And her balanced and discriminating observations lead us quite naturally to the words of one whose success as an artist and critic lends authority to any judgment he may deliver. The friends to whom he refers are not the objectors to “stiff reading” but the worshippers of the defunct deity, “Billikin,” god of Things-as-they-are, whose protests flow

automatically when the editors press the button that means evolution, or change, or progress. Here is the interesting gage that he throws down:

“You always seem pleased by the expressions of approval that come to you from readers, and we, the readers, are glad that you should be so, as it makes us feel the more strongly that the FREEMAN is our paper as well as yours. So I will write you what I said the other day, not for your benefit but for that of some very good friends of mine who have been displeased by things you have published.

“I put my opinion in the form of an offer, thus:— that if they would go to the public library and go through the FREEMAN for a month and the rest of all the periodicals of America for the month—daily, weekly and monthly—and that if they would say that they found more stimulus to thought in the mass of other papers than in the FREEMAN, and more of genuine constructive intellectual achievement,—I would agree not to read the FREEMAN any more.

“It may seem that in turning over the prerogatives of the judge and jury to the prosecuting attorney I was taking an undue risk, since I must evidently be badly upset if the case went against me. But you see, I know those friends, and I have a perfect confidence that if they would make that test, you would not lose a reader (myself) but would gain two readers—my friends.

“In the belief that you will, sooner or later, I am

“Most cordially yours,
“ARETINUS.”

Here, at the end of the last page of the year, we take leave of our subscribers, without even hinting that it was our intention, by means of the interesting letters above quoted, to lead then innocently to this:

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